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[THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 23, 1937.

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FRANCE—*Continued*

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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ITALY.

Stresa.—Lake Maggiore.—**Regina Palace Hotel.**—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

(*Continued on Page* iii *of Cover*)

The Bystander

Fayer of Vienna

The Lady Patricia Douglas

News of an engagement between Count John Bendern and Lady Patricia Douglas was out at the beginning of last week, but no official announcement was made. John Bendern changed his name by deed poll at the beginning of this year from John de Forest, under which name he won the Amateur Golf Championship in 1932. His millionaire ex-M.P. father, Baron de Forest, is now a subject of the principality of Liechtenstein with the title of Count von Bendern. Lady Patricia Douglas is the only daughter of Lord Queensberry and Lady (James) Dunn; she came out last year

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

Violet Vanbrugh's Stage Diamond Jubilee

Right: Violet Vanbrugh, who with her sister Irene, was playing the Merry Wives in Regent's Park last week, was given a lunch at the Savoy to celebrate her fifty years on the stage. A telegram was read from Queen Mary and Mr. Gerald Brockhurst gave the portrait: left to right are Mr. Stanley Bruce, Violet Vanbrugh, Sir Samuel Hoare, Irene Vanbrugh and Sir Seymour Hicks

MR. KENNETH LINDSAY made a great personal hit when he introduced the Education Estimates into the House of Commons. It is only a fortnight ago that Mr. Lindsay left the Admiralty to become Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education. But in spite of this incredibly short time in which to prepare, he handled his subject in a way that drew compliments and applause from all parts of the House. Another circumstance that drew him compliments was the presence behind him of his new Parliamentary Secretary. Miss Thelma Cazalet, looking very natty in a blue frock with white spots (at least, that is as near as I can get to an accurate description of it), is only the second woman to occupy a seat on the Government's Second Bench.

THE relations between Britain and Italy are going steadily from bad to worse, and it was significant that the House warmly approved Mr. Eden's statement about the missionaries in Abyssinia. Italy having refused to allow our missionaries to carry on any teaching activities in Abyssinia, Mr. Eden has reserved the right to consider what action to take about Italian missionaries in territories under British administration.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, the new Home Secretary, opened his career last week in the House of Commons by moving a new amendment to the Factories Act on the subject of facilities for washing in factories. He explained what it all meant, and then had to listen to attacks on the new clause from all parts of the House. The Conservatives, indeed, were even more downright in their condemnation than anyone else. And after an hour and a half, the Home Secretary celebrated his inauguration by withdrawing the clause and promising to get it redrafted.

This is the fifth retreat the Government has made in the last month, each time under the command of a new Commander of the Rear Guard. The Government seems to have an unlimited number of Marshal Neys at its disposal, and it looks as if it will want them all.

THE Conservatives have held the Drake Division of Plymouth in a straight fight against the Socialists. It is true that the majority was down, but it is even more significant that the Socialist vote was down by more than 4000. Considering that Labour has been in Opposition for six years, and that it might reasonably expect to benefit from the normal swing of the pendulum, and from the advantageous position of being on the offensive, the Socialist performance in recent by-elections has been very poor. On the other hand, there is not the slightest indication that the Liberal Party is benefiting by any swing from the Left to the Centre. It looks as if the electorate was bored.

THE next move in the European round game of intrigue and counter-intrigue is the visit to London this week of Baron von Neurath. He is to spend two days in London and, as it has been officially announced, both in London and Berlin, that no negotiations are under contemplation, it may be confidently assumed that negotiations are under contemplation. In just the same spirit, the Chief of the German General Staff is paying a visit to Paris to see the Chief of the French General Staff. Nothing of importance will be discussed, except, of course, everything.

BILBAO has not yet fallen, but it does not seem possible that it will hold out much longer. In a rough, mountainous country, where tanks have been almost useless, heavy bombing aeroplanes have been of deadly power. I hope I will not be thought to be taking a political part, or to expressing a prejudiced view when I say that I bitterly regret the destruction of the ancient Catholic Basque State by aeroplanes, some of which have come from Prussia.

THE famous Scottsboro case has again come into the limelight, as it has been announced that the sentence of seventy-five years' imprisonment, which was passed on one of the nine negro boys, would be taken for the third time up to the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is six years since the nine Scottsboro negroes were originally charged with assaulting two white women, and the case has been going on ever since. They have twice been sentenced to death, and each time the Supreme Court has set aside the conviction. The eight

Queen Mary in the Garter Procession

The unique pageantry of the Order of the Garter was seen at Windsor for the first time since 1914 last week, when "gentlemen of the blood and knights without reproach" went to divine service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Queen and Queen Mary are the two ladies of the Order; Queen Mary's pages were Alexander Ramsay and Lord Lascelles

others will be tried a third time this year. In the meantime, one of the girls who originally gave evidence has recanted.

The whole case has been almost as great a scandal as the Mooney case in San Francisco and the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

THE motorist who has been fined £5 and has had his licence endorsed for crossing against the amber light on the Kingston by-pass has performed an important service by writing to the *Times* about it. The official Highway Code lays it down definitely that a motorist need not pull up on the amber light if he is so close to it that to pull up might cause an accident. Motorists charged with this offence ought certainly to take the Highway Code into court with them. On the other hand, is it too much to expect that magistrates themselves might read the Highway Code ?

THE news that Mr. Crocker, the famous lawyer who broke the Leopold Harris fire-bug gang, has been called in to investigate British film finance, opens endless possibilities of rumours. Where there is smoke there is fire and, nowadays, where there is fire there is Mr. Crocker.

THE victory of Tommy Farr over Walter Neusel in three rounds makes it look as if he is the best British heavyweight since the days of the immortal Cornish blacksmith, Bob Fitzsimmons. Scott, Petersen, Goddard, Beckett, and even Bombardier Wells never looked so dangerous as Farr. It will be a capital day when a British challenger for the heavyweight championship of the world enters the ring again, and let us hope that when that day comes the match will be fought under decent rules and not under the singular rules of the New York Boxing Commission.

IT is not often in these days that a golf champion carries on his championship form. As a rule they fade away into temporary obscurity, either through nerves or through the responsibilities of office, or through the fact, perhaps, that they were not really worthy champions. Mr. Robert Sweeny has already proved himself an exception. His golf in the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase was superb from beginning to end. It was not so much his scores, although 69 and 68 are pretty hot, so much as the serenely confident way in which he played every stroke. He is unquestionably one of the most worthy champions.

WIMBLEDON is in full swing. But where are the Stars of Yesteryear ? Austin is playing, and so is Donald Budge. But throw your minds back, gentle readers, to the Wimbledons of old. Do you remember the lightning Perry, or Ellsworth Vines, or the great Frenchmen, or Bill Johnston ? Can you cast your mind back to red-headed Maurice MacLoughlin from California, or Antony Wilding from New Zealand, or the greatest of all volleyers, Norman Brookes, of Australia ? And when you have considered that catalogue of heroes, just reflect for one instant that I have not mentioned so far the greatest of all lawn-tennis players, Big Bill Tilden. Wimbledon to-day is but a shadow.

THE Westminster Theatre is just finishing a season of very great interest. They have done *Uncle Vanya*, of Tchekov, Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, with Flora Robson, and Shaw's *Heartbreak House*.

The outstanding acting was that of Mr. Cecil Trouncer, who played in nearly all the productions. Everyone who is interested in the real art of the theatre should be grateful to Mr. Amner Hall, for his public spirit in running this season. Let us hope that he will do it again next year.

Incidentally, Mr. Amner Hall is one of those rare spirits who owns a private tennis court. And I don't mean lawn tennis, either.

MR. NICOLAS BENTLEY, whose drawings have so often enlivened the pages of the BYSTANDER, has just published a book called *Ballet-Hoo*, written and illustrated by himself. It is a delicious skit on the nonsense which is written about the Ballet, and Mr. Bentley's two dancers, Mme. Fallova and Serge Pantz, are the greatest possible fun. Mr. Pantz, by the way, is described as a brilliant pupil of Youpushoff.

SANDALOPHAGY, a word that I have just created, means the habit of eating one's footwear. I agree that it is not a common habit, not any commoner indeed than that legendary habit of drinking one's bath water. Nevertheless, Sandalophagy has occurred. Eva, an elephant belonging to a circus in Detroit, feeling hungry in the night, ate the boots belonging to her keeper. To paraphrase an old classical saying—the keeper recovered from the loss ; the elephant it was that died.

I WOULD like to organise a dance at the Albert Hall, to which the only people invited would be the gentlemen who invented the tank, and the ladies who are alleged, by the popular press, to be engaged to be married to Mr. Jack Doyle, the Irish Boxer. The only trouble might be that the Albert Hall is not large enough.

"Sir," Not "Mr."

We thought we 'd checked up on the Coronation Honours List, but in the first of our portrait series of "National Custodians" we failed to give the Director of the British Museum his proper title. Sir John Forsdyke, as he is now, was invested with the K.C.B. just after our page went to press. Our apologies.

The sun came out as the Royal Coach entered the Golden Gates for the first full State procession at Ascot for three years

Mr. John and Lady Cecilia Smiley were doing their first Ascot since they were married

So were Lord and Lady Ashley who were married last March in Paris. She was Mlle. Françoise Soulier

Mr. and Mrs. Laddie Sandford were two of the American invasion on the first day: he comes over for polo and racing most summers

How They Looked at Ascot

Miss Noel Winterbottom Held a Periscope

The Princess of Berar Wore a Sari

And Mr. Freddie Cripps Smoked His Cigar

The Hon. Freddie Cripps was photographed with Countess Paul Münster. He is Lord Parmoor's man-about-town son; Countess Paul Münster's husband owns Wasserleonburg, honeymoon castle of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor

Right: Miss Rosemary Burnett chose the first day for her real Ascot dress and the weather played up. She is with Lord Amherst of Hackney, who is in the Blues

Right: The quiet but extremely smart couple are Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gold; they were among Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton's party at the Old Huntsman's lodge

Lady Jersey, who is accompanied by Mr. de Trafford, had orchid-mauve as her dominating colour on Hunt Cup day—her coat was of that colour, so was the large ribbon round her black hat

Right: Lady Victoria Seymour took her daughter Alex and her niece, Mrs. William Evatt. She is a younger sister of the Duke of Grafton—was Mrs. Richard Seymour before the late Duke's death

Below: Lady Smiley was an example of the "less frilly" Ascot trend in a short-sleeved dress and high-fronted, trimmed version of the béret

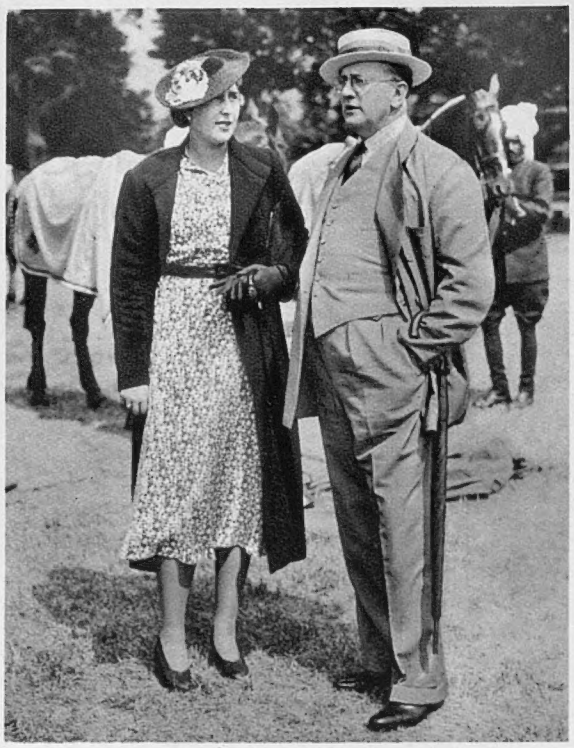
Lady Victoria Seymour Wore Country Clothes

The Duchess of Kent wore a big black hat, and a black coat over a black and white dress on the second day; the Duchess of Norfolk was in apple green and white

Left: The Duchess of Roxburghe wore white and purple for Hunt Cup day—hat in purple ciré straw and purple flowers on a white crêpe marocain dress

Final Spectators

Lord Roderic Pratt and Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy watched the final tie of the Ranelagh Open Cup together, when Bhopal won the cup by beating The Jaguars by eight goals to three



Semi-Final Spectators

The Infanta Christina of Spain and Lord Portarlington were at Ranelagh for the semi-final of the Open Cup; Bhopal beat Adsdean by thirteen goals to nine to reach the final

A Parting

Lady Burghley and Lady were off to America on the Charles Phipps was seeing Burghley is one of the Duchess younger sisters, Lady Sybil of her elder ones; she has one son.

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

QUEEN MARY, a wonderfully impressive figure, was received with loud and prolonged applause from a crowded Opera House as she entered the royal box—a spontaneous tribute that affected everyone favourably, for in the first night of the new production of *Orphée* we had the loveliest and most moving performance for weeks.

This half-opera-half-ballet was received with mixed opinions, some, like Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, enjoying its classic, stylised charm, others thinking it stilted and artificial. The scenery by the great Bayreuth expert, the new lighting and the youthful ballet made a successful evening, though no one liked the hirsute tenor—the strange tradition is that this rôle is sung by a woman.

With Queen Mary were the Dowager Lady Airlie, Lady Maud Carnegie and her husband, and Sir "Timmie" Chichester. Her Majesty kept to her box in the interval, and all the box-holders of the haute école did the same. There was the usual foolish stampede to the foyer and bar of many who should have been tired after Gold Cup Day. Lady Churston was talking to Lord Faringdon; Mr. Sutro, a colleague of Alexander Korda's, was in a box; Lady Muriel Paget, who has a season ticket to Leningrad, was in the stalls; while Lady Cohen, that clever artist, and Mrs. Nora Lindsay, society's garden expert and our best letter-writer, were others there. Lady Cunard entertained a party including the Austrian Minister.

Fairness and Bravery

"BRAVE women and fair men," was one description of our first day at Ascot last Wednesday.

Brave, because on a chill coat and skirt day so many women risked pneumonia and rheumatism in order not to cover up a carefully chosen dress with a dull but comforting coat, and shivered in all their glory, despite gooseflesh arms and cyclamen complexions.

Men seemed fair, because they do fetch and carry on these occasions, provide "tips" and race cards for females who are practically strangers, and, most important of all, do have their money ready at the Tote selling boxes.

We missed the best thing of the day by being just behind an elderly lady who was (*a*) undecided which horse she fancied, (*b*) whose hand-bag got mysteriously stuck, and (*c*) finally counted out her stake in the wrong amount of small change! Down went the window with a bang and Tahir won without our money on it.

Neatest is Smartest

MORE women clung to those long, unsuitable chiffons than we anticipated, but the smartest racegoers were in skirts of ordinary length and small nevertheless smart hats.

The sight of Lady Nunburnholme, a vision in apricot and brown, made Ascot more worth while, Lady Tichborne and Lady Mary Dunne, both wearing becoming mauve suits with claret coloured accents, Miss Diana Bethell, a lovely debutante, in the simplest black suit with a hydrangea blue cap, Lady Milbanke and Lady Milton wisely guarding their shoulders with silver fox capes (the former's black "coolie" hat with a ribbon under her chin, was most becoming).

Lady Maureen Stanley was one of the few women who managed to combine chic with a down-to-the-ground dress. It was in an extra vivid shade of Royal blue, with an ostrich feather boa and tiny cap to match.

Extravagant but Good

THOSE grey morning coats are becoming to all mankind. Someone explained that they are a great extravagance as only at Ascot, the Derby, and at the Eton and Harrow match can they have an airing.

Nevertheless, Lord Harewood, Sir John Milbanke, Captain Derek Fitzgerald, Mr. Peter Thursby, and that good-looking Italian, Giovanni Stagni, who persistently deserts Rome for London, wear them with very great éclat.

Parents and Children

AT the dance that Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston and Mrs. Wallace Kirk gave for the latter's charming debutante daughter, Miss Vesta Culbertson, the two hostesses, as well as the heroine, wore white.

It was a marvellous party, one of those mixed affairs for all ages at which parents and children enjoy themselves equally.

Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley, the John Muskers, Vincent Paravicinis (she in a lovely white lace dress), and the Antony Actons, were there to represent the younger married set.

Lady Ursula Manners was unquestionably the most lovely girl in the room. Sir John and Lady Dashwood were there, and we liked her blue and white imprimé dress.

The house (it is the Gordon Leiths' that Mrs. Wallace Kirk has taken for the season) is admirable for entertaining, and the supper room on the ground floor was a popular rendezvous for liquid as well as more solid refreshment.

Plea for Pity

WOEBETIDE the odd man or woman who thinks of giving a small party. By odd, we mean unattached; the sort of person who fits into most parties, cannot afford to entertain themselves, and is useful and convenient to fill up numbers. Their indebtedness is great, and in giving any small party that is within their power, they are doomed to offend every host or hostess they have ever encountered.

Sybil Phipps Asturias; Mr. them off. Lady of Gloucester's Phipps is one three daughters

A Christening

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor's first-born was christened Charles Maxwell Kirwan in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons, with Lt.-Col. Roland Gwynne, the Hon. Max Aitken and Mr. Charles Glidden Osborne as godparents. Mr. Charles Taylor got in unopposed for Eastbourne in 1935 and married last year. His wife was Constance Gibbons

A Wedding

Mr. Richard Cannon and Miss Lelia Farmar were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Dick Cannon lives at 3. West Halkin Street, and is the late Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Cannon's younger son; a reception after the wedding was given by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cannon at 3, Cadogan Gate

We know of one such woman who, with all the hospitable intentions in the world, could not manage more than a small cocktail-party recently, but was pestered by people wanting to bring complete strangers, other people issuing invitations by telephone for the same evening, and one or two people who embarrassed her unutterably by ringing up and saying point blank, "Why have you not asked me?" Do we know anyone well enough to do that?

The really distressing part of it is that there are people who actually allow themselves to be hurt at not being asked and who don't realize the awkward and unendurable position of the would-be hostess who can only possibly entertain ten per cent. of the people she would like to.

A Wonderful Party

CONVERSATION last week centred mainly round the very good dance that the Ronnie Trees gave at Dytchley recently.

"Ball" would seem to be a more appropriate word for this outstandingly good party, where women guests were asked to wear either scarlet or white dresses, where the garden was floodlit and the marquee decorated by Oliver Messel in his best San Marco style.

Illuminated fountains, a miraculous display of fireworks, Hungarian musicians and beautiful white flower decorations all over the house were a further proof of both the ingenuity and hospitality of the host and hostess.

1937 Beauty

ONE of the most beautiful girls of her generation is Lady Anne Bridgeman, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford.

One might quite easily say *the* most beautiful.

Her wide-apart dark blue eyes, clear skin and enchanting smile are dazzling enough before you realise the dimple in her chin and the golden tints in her light brown hair.

Like most really beautiful people, she is completely unaffected and apparently unconscious of her great good looks. She makes up scarcely at all, dresses very simply, plays an excellent game of bridge and loves country life. Two small Shetland sheepdogs are her inseparable companions. MISS PEEPS

Lord Lincoln and Mrs. Pat Anderson

Lord Lincoln was sitting next to Mrs. Pat Anderson at Ciro's at the beginning of Ascot week. He is the Duke of Newcastle's heir and is in the Auxiliary Air Force

Lady Portarlington and Prince Paul of Greece

Two more at Ciro's just before the rush out of town to Ascot house-parties began, were Lady Portarlington and Prince Paul of Greece

A Quick Look Round: Which Caught Three Celebrities

Anna May Wong Comes to England

Danilova Goes to the Ballet

Alexandra Danilova, of Colonel de Basil's company, went to the opening night of Catherine Littlefield's Philadelphia ballet which has made such a good impression at the Hippodrome for its fresh but skilful dancing. Colonel de Basil's company opens at Covent Garden on Thursday of next week

A. P. Herbert Reverts to Riverside Type

Left, above: the Chinese film star who was born in America travels a lot, has been to England once or twice before, and made a home in Peking last autumn. Then back to the States and now to England again on board the Queen Mary, when this deck-tennis style picture was taken

Left: the senior burgess for Oxford University, after his provoking setbacks in the House of Commons, took to the mud at the back of Hammersmith Terrace (he lives at No. 12) and got his boat into trim after consultations with Mr. F. Cole, its builder

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 25

Miss Helen Jacobs

MISS HELEN JACOBS is one of those rare people—a world's champion who doesn't talk shop. She has many outside interests. She is a short-story writer whose work is good enough not to need cross references to her lawn-tennis prowess. She is crazy about hunting—as any of the followers of the Whaddon, Bicester and South Oxfordshire will tell you. She has a yellow Labrador with which she hopes to win prizes at Richmond. She is exceedingly fond of dancing and knows most of Henry James backwards.

Although born in Arizona and brought up in California, she likes the English countryside even in sleet and snow. And although she is a champion she has a sense of humour.

It was in a private school tournament that she first drew attention to her lawn tennis. Then at the age of sixteen, she won the National Junior championship of the United States in 1924, a feat she repeated a year later. She was eligible in 1926, too, but by this time she was an undergraduate at the University of California where she graduated in English history. But in 1927 she played in the Wightman Cup (being duly beaten by Betty Nuthall) and reached the semi-final of the Women's Championship, only to meet Helen Wills. This was the first of seven encounters with that redoubtable young woman; the remaining six were all in the finals, and it was not until the seventh that she won. You may remember that Helen Wills defaulted on that occasion. They have met once since. Helen Jacobs is, however, three years younger than the other Helen, who has not entered for Wimbledon this year. Suzanne Lenglen is perhaps Helen Jacob's chief heroine. They have played a number of friendlies together, although the Lenglen only indulges in rallies nowadays. But only once has she seen the latter play—at an exhibition match years ago in California. Whether Miss Jacobs will follow her example and turn professional, I don't pretend to know. But she has already refused really substantial offers to do so.

THOSE of you who have seen her in action do not need to be told of the strength of her backhand or of her tireless energy on the court. Perhaps you didn't know, though, that she trains on lamb chops, and that her father was a very fine cross-country runner. She herself has the invaluable gift of deep sleeping. Last year she slept the clock round on the night before the final. This complete lack of nerves is also evident from her behaviour in court. She never allows herself to become excited whatever the state of the game, which is more than can be said for many players. Miss Jacobs is honest enough to believe that there is a lot of luck in lawn tennis which does not always even itself out in a match. She cuts out smoking for at least three weeks before a championship; puts implicit faith in Dempter, who is also Fred Perry's medical godfather; and gives up even her occasional sherry when in training. She is superstitious, but rather resentful of the fact; designs her own lawn tennis kit (which is soon to be marketed in bulk over here as it is in America); likes to wear trousers in private; is a close friend of the American Ambassador and his family; wears a 1200-year-old signet ring; and weighs 9 st. 4 lb. **Charles Graves**

Off the Set: a Wimbledon Gallery

What Some of the Stars Do When They're Not Playing Tennis

Kay Stammers Knits

It might be a bathing dress, but we couldn't be sure. She had to retire from the Beckenham singles with a mosquito bite, but was expected to be finalist at Queen's against Mlle. Jedrzejowska

Madame Mathieu Plays Cards

Bridge is the game that holds the interest of the champion of France so much that she even plays while waiting to "go on"

Miss Freda James Finn

Miss Round Gardens

Great Britain's first-ranker and the third of the first ten in the world is a gardener. She is now at work on the grounds of the house in Dudley where she will live after her marriage to Dr. Leith Little in September

C. R. D. Tuckey Golfs

Tuckey was a little disappointing in the gallops for Wimbledon; at Beckenham he reached the men's finals, but lost to the Japanese Yamagishi. His hobby is an exception to the peaceful rule of his court rivals—he golfs with a handicap of eight

Fru Sperling Photographs

The champion of Denmark (twice runner-up at Wimbledon) is a photographer who makes travel records her speciality. She met Señorita Lizana in the West of England finals and lost to her in two sets

Right: the finalists in the men's singles at Auteuil, which Baron Gottfried von Cramm eventually won, have similarly restful hobbies: Bunny Austin reads anything he can get (and covers many pages while waiting to play); von Cramm writes letters, with similar results

Austin Reads

von Cramm Writes

Other Tennis Stars

Freda James, ranked fourth, holder with Kay Stammers of the Wimbledon doubles, takes her ciné camera to most of her tournaments and is here filming two well-known juniors, Gem Hoahing and Joan Physick. The James-Stammers' partnership showed its 1937 form by winning at Beckenham

Right: chess is an original off-set hobby with its contrast of movement from the other game in rectangles. The players are František Cejnar and Lladislav Hecht, Czechoslovakian Davis Cup players; the former has entered for Wimbledon for the first time

Miss Lyle Interior Decorates

Nancy Lyle, ranked eleventh, who reached the finals of the doubles at Beckenham, has completed a course of interior decorating. She is Sir Leonard and Lady Lyle's daughter

Miss Mary Heeley Embroiders

Mary Heeley is ranked ninth and her hobby is embroidery, crochet and knitting, on which she is an expert; here seen picking out some poppies and corn on a tea-cloth. She's entered for the Wimbledon doubles with Dorothy Round

Cejnar and Hecht Play Chess

Miss Hardwick Paints

Mary Hardwick sketches and specialises in flower studies, which she makes in her parents' big garden not so far from the All-England Club at Wimbledon. She is ranked fifth in England and won her Wightman Cup colours last year

Miss Peggy Scriven Swims

Anita Drinks

Señorita Anita Lizana, one of the big tips for the singles this year at Wimbledon, has an ice at every meal and drinks ice-cream sodas between play: says she can cope with one of these quicker than anyone else. She has already beaten Fru Sperling and Mme. Mathieu in England this year

Left: our tenth-ranker and twice champion of France swims and dives but never on the day of the match as it puts the eye out

Howard Coster, London

National Custodians

No. 2. Mr. Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery

Kenneth McKenzie Clark was born of Scottish parents in 1903 and went to Winchester and Trinity, Oxford, for his education. His first connections with art were a personal attempt on the Muse as a painter in oils; since, he has only had time to deal with the results of others' attempts. He worked for two years with Bernard Berenson in Florence, published his *The Gothic Revival* in 1929, and was on the committee for the Italian Exhibition. In 1931 he was made keeper of the art department of the Ashmolean and in '33 a Fellow of Magdalen. Next year came his appointment as Surveyor of the King's Pictures and Director of the National Gallery, so at the age of thirty-one Mr. Clark found himself at the top of his tree. He is a keen collector, his favourites being Italian renaissance, French nineteenth century and pin-new English (but no Surrealism). In his Portland Place house he has some fine examples of all these. He is a member of the M.C.C., golfs, plays (court) tennis, is an opera-lover and balletomane

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF that diamond necklace, certified to have belonged to Marie-Antoinette, which Sotheby's are putting up on July 1st, was *the* Diamond Necklace, the centre of that dark plot of 1784-6, we 'd put on our best homespuns, knock the Wealden clay off our boots, comb the hay out of our hair, and trudge along to gaze on it as on a thing of terror and doom; but it isn't. It 's a *rivière* (to quote the catalogue) of " 29 large square-cut stones and a single-stone snap graduated with 13 large pear-shaped stones pendant from alternate collets." The Necklace which involved the totally innocent Queen in such misery and hastened her end was a more dazzling, sumptuous, and massive piece, priced by the Court jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange, at £64,000. When the three principal crooks, La Motte, husband and wife, and d'Oliva, had finally worked the trick on the foolish Cardinal de Rohan, they broke up the Necklace and sold it stone by stone, some of it in Paris, most of it in London, so where are its component parts now? You can't destroy diamonds of that size except by having them cut, which would be silly. Probably some of the original stones could still be traced by working through a list of British peers who kept actresses at that period. Possibly you 'd find a few more stones in the Diamond Horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, any gala night. It 's impossible not to feel that any one of them would bring an uneasy feeling to the wearer.

The most incredible thing about the Necklace affair—don't go yet—is that Rétaux, who wrote the letters to Rohan urging him to buy the Necklace, these letters purporting to come from the unsuspecting Queen, not only didn't take the trouble to forge her handwriting, but signed them " Marie-Antoinette de France " (which is like signing a letter " Yours sincerely, the Hon. Rollo Blatherwick "). As poor dull Louis XVI. himself said in bewilderment when the plot came to light, " How on earth could a prince of the House of Rohan and a Grand Almoner of France ever believe that a Queen of France could sign herself like that? " He did, nevertheless, the big sap, and we his myriad fellow-saps, who are not invariably so hot as we think we are, can learn a lesson from this important person's disgrace. (End.)

We 're now taking you over to Uncle Bibbity and his Six Komical Kusses, from Barmouth Palace of Joy.

Thank You, Jeeves

TALKING of diamonds:

The National Jewellers' Association, which issued a manifesto the other day after a woman had been fined £1500 at Croydon police court for " attempted evasion of Customs duties on jewellery and clothing," was rather British and amusing on the question of " unscrupulous foreign traders " who lure our virtuous countrywomen into wrong-doing by assuring them that jewels are duty-free if worn on the person.

" Such is not the case," remarked the N.J.A. in Jeeves-like periods. " Indeed, a lady so doing might very well be held guilty of perpetrating a deliberate criminal action, and in such circumstances would find herself in an embarrassing situation." But as everybody is aware that women love smuggling as passionately as cats love valerian and that it 's the most difficult thing in the world to prevent them from trying to put it across the Customs whenever they get a chance, one feels the N.J.A. might have kept these words to oil its hair with. Cold beads have spangled our brow in women's company more than once at Dover, Folkestone, or Newhaven, the clink of the handcuffs has sounded very near, and the icy penetrating gaze of the Customs' men has almost started us babbling in a pure mucksweat of nervous emotion. But does a woman ever turn a hair?

We may have mentioned it before, but in the opinion of some experts there 's no real ethical case against smuggling, since there 's no contract between the traveller and the country he enters. We 've never heard this argued by authorities qualified so to do, and there may be a fallacy in it. Years ago on the Franco-Spanish frontier at Irun a man we were travelling with tried to argue it lightly with the French Customs over a pocketful or two of cigars, but it was like arguing with Battersea Power Station. Steely jaws snapped " *Vous dites?* ", steely eyes transfixed us with a cynical glare, steely claws filled in forms of incalculable length and ruthlessness, and we both only just escaped the guillotine, or so it seemed.

Hearts of Hoax

GENTLE mirth consumed the lighter-minded citizenry when they learned the other day that the South African Broadcasting Corporation had admitted to faking two programmes, one on Coronation Day and the other on May 30th. In the Coronation Day programme

" Have a care, Sir, you are kneeling on my wife's gown "

greetings to the King supposed to be spoken by "a Natal sugar-planter" and "a Rand miner" were spoken by a Cape Town cinema manager and sports writer respectively. On May 30th a broadcast of roaring wild lions from the Kruger National Park was done by a gramophone record of a tame lion in Pretoria Zoo.

In neither case did it much matter, do you think? A cinema manager's voice is just as interesting, or the reverse, as a sugar planter's, and if the words are the same, why worry? The lion trick is an old one, which we 've known nearer home, and we 've often thought it wouldn't be a bad idea if they made more of it at Broadcasting House than they do. Instead, for example, of engaging the customary string of bores in a Talks series, one record of one selected bore, repeated, would do just as well. Few would notice any difference, and those few wouldn't care. The same applies to crooners. When you 've heard one of these you 've heard 'em all. Why should the B.B.C. go to extra trouble and expense when a single record would cover half a dozen?

"Hoax" seems hardly the word for the Press—of all people—to apply with virtuous primness to the South African B.C., on second thoughts. The public got the noises as advertised. What on earth does it matter how those noises were produced? Are we right? Do you really think so? Don't write and tell us, write to A. G. Macdonell. If you have heartburn, freckles, or a tight feeling after meals, if your girl friend is walking out with a cross-eyed American sailor, write to him just the same. He 'll either give you sympathetic advice (sometimes in a sealed envelope) or tear up your letters madly and chew them to a pulp. It 's just "temperament," as his admirers very well know, and part of his charm.

Up the Lawn Sleeve

PICKING up the most recent catalogue from Messrs. Heffer of Cambridge, we observed that the second-hand books for sale included the library of a very eminent Anglican bishop, deceased some time ago. You 'd expect a bishop's shelves to be well stocked with "choice and massy divinity" and standard English Literature, and history, and so this bishop's had been; but when we came to the foreign section of his library we got a bit of a shock. What business had his Lordship with the *Decameron*? Or the even more naughty *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*? Or the murky and horrible tragedies of Crébillon *père*? Or the *Neveu de Rameau* of Diderot, Guizot's *Abelard and Heloise*, and the *Histoire Comique* of Anatole France, which is about the amours of a little actress of the Odéon? Without claiming to be moral authorities ourselves, we thought these pretty odd books for a bishop to curl up with. You 'd never see our Mr. Alan Thomas of the Book Dept. handling such volumes with anything but a *moue* of lively disdain and disapproval, and probably with the pair of fancy tongs which are part of every first-class critic's equipment, like scissors, paste, pins, headache cachets, anti-seasickness powders, a signed photo of Hugh Walpole, masses of cushions to lie on when at "work," a copy of *The Home Gardener* containing an article on how to build a simple rockery with Book Society selections, and a little ivory hammer to hit shrill dishevelled literary women with when they call. (One smart tap on the bean stops all that stuff about Miss So-and-So's dynamism, objectivity, planes, values, and all the rest of it.)

The worst of coming across a revelation like this is that it destroys one's faith in the State episcopate. You see a bishop at a garden-party, bland demulcent, and booming. For all you know he 's just counting the minutes till he can slip away to get down to a spicy chapter of the *Heptameron* or *Ulysses. Really*, we mean!

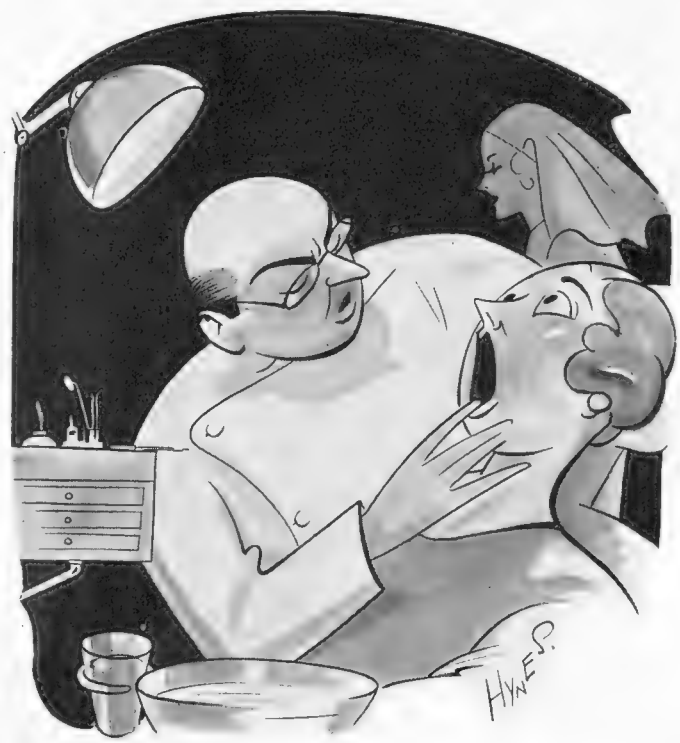
Big Boy

TOSCANINI burned 'em up, as expected. We have fine native conductors, and nobody anywhere can handle Mozart as superbly as a Beecham, but what Toscanini can do with the heavy Beethoven and Brahms stuff is nobody's business. One more mark of essential greatness is that when the University of Oxford wanted the other day to give Toscanini an honorary degree—the kind it gives politicians, financiers, and best-sellers—he politely intimated that he 'd rather give them a concert instead, which he did, thereby obviating a lot of pompous ceremonial and Latin speeches. This also saved the Public Orator some trouble. It may not have occurred to you that the Public Orator of each of our leading Universities has always had a devil of a time looking up distinguished strangers beforehand in *Who 's Who* and other works of reference in order to compliment them in University Latin. He doesn't often get them mixed, either.

The Public Orator not only has a very efficient card-index system, but a staff of assistants who do nothing but tabulate facts at the last moment and, if necessary, skim through the works the night before of those about to be honoured next day, in order to get the lowdown. "Who the hell is Gollaby Purge?" asks the Public Orator, bustling into his rooms. "Ever heard of him?" "Purge? Purge? Isn't he the professor of moral philosophy chap who got five years for bigamy at Old Bailey in 1924?" asks an assistant. "We 'd hardly be giving him a D.C.L. for that, would we?" asks the P.O. vaguely. They then get to work on Mr. Purge and find he 's the author of *Black Laughter, What Ho, Within There!, Ruby's Prince Charming*, and other masterworks. They finally stick an enquiring nose into his principal best-sellers, and next day the Public Orator is able to intone sonorously: "Vir ingenio sublimissimus, litterarum elegantium magister doctissimus," etc., etc. Mr. Purge smirks like billo-ho, his silly big face wreathed in content under a Doctor's bonnet, the dons murmur to each other, "Who on earth is he?", his literary brethren foam with rage and jealousy, and everybody's satisfied.

Telephone Talks: No. 14

"Twins! Oh, thank God! I thought you said quins"



"Oh, yes, **now** *I remember you, Miss Parkins"*

Heat-Wave Blues

AUNTIE *Times*, poor darling, has been feeling the recent hot weather evidently. Apart from a protracted correspondence in her columns between Old Etonians and Old Harrovians as to whether heralds blow trumpets, so waggish that it must have thrown thousands into a high state of somnolence, she has actually allowed a peer and another reader, chuckling audibly, to retell on the same day (in No. 1, admirals' or bishops' type) two of the oldest chestnuts in the world. One was the story about Mark Twain saying "Homer, Vergil, and Shakespeare are dead, and I'm not feeling very well myself," which you've probably heard from Nannie as often as anybody. The other was the crack about the great clown Grimaldi ("deplorably mentally all to pieces, and absolutely miserable") going to see a doctor who said, "Go and see Grimaldi," whereupon the patient replied, "I *am* Grimaldi." These two stories, told to Auntie the other day with a wealth of picturesque detail and published by her instantly to delight her numerous readers, alive and dead, are respectively, as you know, Story No. 19 and Story No. 57 in the *After-Dinner Speaker's Ready Guide and Chest-Protector*, and although we're pretty well hardened by years of training to Auntie's ways we're still goggling admiringly at her nerve in serving them up on her leader-page as new.

God bless the dear old Erastian besom, baggage, trot, crone, hag, mopsy, drugget, slammekin, and shakebag, we love every corkscrew ringlet of her, every bit of her bombazine gown; and Heaven send us a cool spell shortly, or she'll be rivalling *Punch* as our leading serious organ.

High-Life Drama Dept.

AN amusing incident occurred at one of the smartest of the June weddings, a man tells us who was there. The scene was one of those fashionable Mayfair churches which the Beau Monde frequents for baptisms, weddings, funerals, and nothing else. No expense had been spared, and everything went with a swing till the clergyman said to the bridegroom, "Wilt thou take this woman, etc.?" The bridegroom said unexpectedly, "No, I don't think I will."

"You don't think you will?" asked the clergyman after a pause.

"No, I don't think I will."

Tapping his foot irritably, the clergyman said, "Well, I can't hang about here all day." The bridegroom then turned leisurely, scanned the bridesmaids through his monocle, and finally pointed at a tall one, saying, "I'll have that one." A murmur of annoyance ran through the bride's group, and her parents and relations said audibly, "Well, *really!*" The clergyman, ignoring this and pointing with his book, said, "That one?", and the bridegroom nodded, and the tall bridesmaid, blushing slightly but enjoying the situation in spite of herself, as girls will, pushed her way up to the front, saying "Sorry" to the bride, and the ceremony proceeded. In the vestry the father of the rejected bride-elect, who was extremely cross, took the bridegroom aside and said rather furiously, "What's the idea? D'you know what this show's cost me?" "A packet, I'll bet," said the bridegroom, laughing. "On the other hand," he added, "you won't have *me* to keep for the rest of my life, will you?" "That's certainly a point," agreed her father. "In any case," said the bridegroom frankly, "I never liked Mimsy very much, whereas that tall girl I've just married—what's her name? Topsy or Popsy something—has a handicap of 5 a chap told me as I got here. You *do* see the point, don't you?"

After which (our informant says) they went on to the reception and a good time was had by all. No doubt, he says, the impromptu match isn't very suitable, but neither would the original have been. Nor (if it comes to that) is any of them. It just made a change.

Bloody But Unbowed

THE Great Western Railway assures us that it has not only two trains which cover the Oxford-London journey in exactly an hour, but others which can also do it under one hour and twenty minutes, the time it took ninety years ago. We may as well 'fess up now and say we knew this all along; but there *are* G.W.R. Oxford-London trains which still take an hour and twenty minutes, and we chose these and ignored the good ones because it made a better story.

It's no use your attacking us for practising low cunning. We were acting in the best tradition of the modern British School of History, and we can quote you very distinguished dons who use the same selective method. Especially, oddly enough, whenever the Middle Ages are concerned.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"No matter how I shuffle, this dark woman keeps hanging around your Mr. Hartsberg"

The Theatre

"To Have and to Hold": Haymarket

Prelude to an accident (off stage): husband, Keneth Kent on and nearly off a horse

Lovers but also her husband's faithful friends: Hartley Power and Marie Ney

Sketches by Rouson

THIS piece puts a conscientious critic into a difficulty. It is like a good-looking woman who insists on sitting for her portrait in an entirely preposterous hat. The difficulty is to make it clear that the numerous defects of Lionel Brown's play are mostly superficial, and that an audience which enjoys intelligent comedy will find it smiling attractively beneath its silly hat at the Haymarket Theatre.

IT is the comedy of three people—the usual three, husband, wife and lover—and of a young girl whose startled refusal to contemplate her father in the rôle of lover to his friend's wife comes near to wrecking a carefully and painfully worked out *modus vivendi*. As Peggy Harding sees the situation, her father and June are grossly deceiving a crippled husband. Max is staying in the house ostensibly in order to advise Brian on the management of his estate, and he and Brian's wife are lovers. What in the guilelessly indignant eyes of youth could be worse? And Peggy lets herself go on a spate of self-righteous threats, and the woman, rather than let her husband be hurt by the truth, prepares to send her lover away.

But Brian, though crippled in the heyday of his hopes, is not the embittered cripple of stage convention. He knows the truth and guesses rightly that only his accident has kept his wife at his side; and by a subterfuge at once persuasive and exciting he makes it easy for his two friends to re-establish the *modus vivendi* on which, so long as he lives, all three depend for happiness.

THUS outlined, the fable may seem all too familiar, even trite, but the distinction of the comedy is that its three or four chief characters are recognizably human and solve their problems without resorting to any of the stage tricks which make such problems wearisomely unreal. If Brian were to shoot himself the heroic gesture would not help these lovers to live happy ever after. They are by no means bound to conventional morality, but neither are they cynical, and the suicide of their charge would seem to them not an opening but a shutting of doors on happiness.

By keeping the fable on the plane of comedy the author keeps it true to sanely intelligent standards of life.

HE also keeps it extremely lively, and here he is greatly helped by Keneth Kent and Marie Ney, the former representing with precision and with dynamic force the play's qualities of robust humour and honest thought and the latter persuading us of the warmth of a love which the author perhaps takes too much for granted. The words that this heroine needs are often not there: Marie Ney resourcefully makes do without them.

The lover is Hartley Power, an accomplished actor who is always delightful to watch but who here seems slightly but definitely mis-cast. He has developed the mannered walk of a detective trailing a suspect. His every movement suggests that a revolver is pointing at him through some coat pocket, that he is quietly aware of his danger but knows a trick worth two of his adversary's.

BUT Miss Dorothy Hyson, as the impetuous child whose interference nearly destroys the careful compromise of her elders, is perfectly cast. She makes even her unlikely arrival on the scene as a long-lost daughter just credible, and once there she lives in a blaze of youthful indiscretion and charming vitality.

There remain the farcical trimmings which this pleasant comedy wears upon its lamentable hat. They are the tedious inanities of a couple of stale caricatures from the hunting field. Is it possible that Basil Radford makes matters worse than they need be by playing the one who might be an owlish fool with bright, knowing heartiness? But perhaps the question suggests an armchair view of a good actor's difficulties. A. V. C.

Huntin', shootin', fishin' and interferin': Mignon O'Doherty and Basil Radford

Gielgud and Evans

Brothers-in-Shakespeare

John Gielgud and Maurice Evans, the two leading Shakespearean actors of the day, made their reunion during Maurice Evans' brief visit to London on his way from New York to his holiday on the Continent. They divided the honours of the 1936-7 New York theatrical season between them—Gielgud with his *Hamlet*, Evans with his *Richard II*. The latter is reopening with *Richard II*. in America next autumn, first in New York and then on tour, and later plans to do *Hamlet*. John Gielgud is probably going to give London some more Shakespeare after the summer

Baron

René Blum—Director of Ballet

René Blum is as deeply immersed in the ballet as any man alive, although he once meant to be a politician, just as his brother, Léon Blum, seemed to belong more to art and literature than politics until he became Premier. René Blum was artistic director to the Monte Carlo Theatre for fourteen years, and was closely associated with Diaghileff until his death. Now he owns the theatre, and directs his own ballet company, the Ballets de Monte Carlo, who are now at the Coliseum. He is fifty-nine, youngest of the five Alsatian brothers of whom he and Léon Blum were inseparables until politics claimed the elder. He has been a journalist, a lecturer, director of a library; he could have been director of the National Theatre of France, but with his brother as Premier, he preferred not to accept the post. He is a most charming and modest man, using persuasion rather than command in all his dealings. The tyrant of the theatre is his only son of thirteen who goes everywhere with him, knows the stage backwards, and has the most definite opinions on every subject

The Fastest Bombers in the World

The Fourth of the "With the Services" Series: the Second of the Air Force

The pictures on this and the next two pages were taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson at Wyton, Hunts. They are of the 114th Squadron, commanded by Squadron-Leader H. H. Brookes, the first and as yet the only squadron to fly the Blenheim Mark I. bomber. This machine, which figures in all the photographs, is therefore not only the fastest but the newest in the Force

Three Thousand Pounds of Bombs Off For a Day's Work

Perfect Ec

Man With a Load of Mischief

The Blenheim Twin Bomber

Heroes of Next Saturday's Big Attack

This beautifully evil-looking machine —more like a moth than a bird—is the most efficient flying destroyer yet devised. Camouflaged in dark green, dark brown and khaki, the bomber only shows its red, white and blue rings from above. It is a midwing, twin-engined monoplane and carries a crew of four: in the cockpit are the pilot and his bomber, who also operates the two forward guns that fire through the triple-bladed propellors, in the open pit and the glasshouse amidships are two more defenders of the attacker. The Blenheim has 1600 horse-power to play with, travels at 300 m.p.h. at 15,000 ft. and carries a bomb load of 1000 lb. Its efficiency will be demonstrated to the public for the first time at Hendon next Saturday, for in the R.A.F. Display the Blenheims are responsible for the big show at the end when the set piece is destroyed to the temporary deafening of all around

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

to Starboard: a Difficult Formation with Fast and Flexible Machines

Ground Consultation

Goggles are dying out in flying — civil and military—as the cabin aeroplane comes in and will probably soon be as obsolete as on the road

The Air Sleeve Droops—a 15 m.p.h. Wind

Houston Rogers

Jessica Tandy, the "Darling Daughter"

Jessica Tandy gives a most lively, attractive and intelligent performance in *Yes, My Darling Daughter*, the American comedy which Rodney Ackland so completely anglicised for the St. James's Theatre. She plays adventurous daughter to Sybil Thorndike reformed-Bohemian mother, and the duel between these two is the comedy's focus; they run their controversy through at a fine pace. Speed is one of Miss Tandy's excellencies: the more subtly timed speed of the French actress rather than the machine-gun American variety. And she always looks so charming, whether she's wearing the trousers and spectacles of the earnest young journalist-to-be of this play, or the glorious Motley dress she wore recently in *Henry V.* at the Old Vic, for her brief, delightful appearances as Katherine of France

Anthony

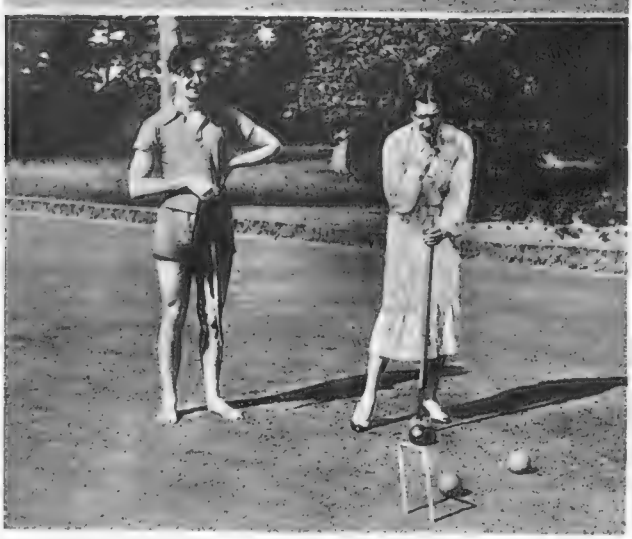
Nina Tarakonova

Première Danseuse of the Blum Company

Tarakonova was photographed as she appears in *Petrouchka* which gives her one of her best rôles. Her neat polished dancing and her quick vivacity suit her very well to the two famous doll parts—in this ballet and as Swanhilde in *Coppelia* which she is also dancing this year at the Coliseum. She has as well an exceptionally fine elevation. She is a pupil of Kchessinska, was one of the original members of the de Basil Company, left them to join Woizikowski as one of his principal soloists, and was with him in London in 1935. Last year she joined the Blum Company with Woizikowski towards the end of their London season and remained with them to go to South Africa where she had a great success, and to return to the Coliseum this summer

House Party in Wales

Lord Tredegar and Some of His Week-end Guests



Tredegar Park, near Newport in Monmouthshire, is Lord Tredegar's very beautiful place, and there these photographs were taken. In the top one, the lake boating party consisted of Mr. Charles Farrar and Princess Nikita of Russia, Lord Tredegar, and Mr. Oliver Messel as a fairly hard-working gondolier. Above: Mr. Oliver Messel points a finger and Lord Tredegar, a punt pole at something, possibly a Welsh hippopotamus

Left: the mallet-holders above are Mr. Peter Coats, Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson of Invercauld, and Lady Marian Cameron. Below, the croquet-player is Lady Lindsay Hogg, and her audience is Count Wortonzow; he had just emerged from the lake, having fallen in with his clothes and a Tyrolean hat on. He is Princess Nikita's brother

Right: Princess Nikita of Russia is with Mr. Charles Farrar, who is Lord Salisbury's secretary

Photographs by Swaebe

"Bystander" Short Story No. 92

The Conqueror Worm

By Gerald Kersh

I MET Dempsey first in Stockholm. He was one of those pulpy personalities in which it is difficult to find anything definite. He was honest because he was afraid of the consequences of dishonesty; nobody quarrelled with him because he agreed with everything anybody said. His pale and insipid soul was dotted with silly little prejudices and principles, as feeble as the vestigial seeds of a banana. There was one particle which, hardened by pure fear, stuck in the middle of his brain—the fact that he had never done anything illegal. Other men base their pride on achievement or endurance: "I built a business," "I survived the War." Dempsey's self-respect centred round the thought: "I have never done anything like that." He stuck to me, like discarded chewing-gum to the sole of a boot, and would not be shaken off, until that memorable night when we found ourselves stranded in Nyevinossi-Novgorod.

Oh, that town, that miserable ice-bound town of Nyevinossi-Novgorod! There are no lamps in its streets. Why should there be, since nobody goes out after dark? And who wants to go out, since there is nowhere to go? It is a coal town, clinging to the mouths of the Nyevinossi Pits; bi-sected by the line of the Arctic Circle, it skulks, freezing, under the slate-coloured sky of the Kola Peninsula — black with smoke, grey with fog, rasped by the icy teeth of the bitter White Sea; redolent of dead fish, and utterly permeated with gritty coal-dust. The streets twist and turn, as if they had writhed with cold before being frozen stiff by the wind—the paralysing wind of the Arctic, which carries with it the unbearable desolation of the northern wastes, and the heart-breaking melancholy of the Eastern tundras.

We were lost there. It was nearly midnight. Every window was dark, and the roads were treacherous.

"We can get the ferry to Izbaborg at six in the morning," I said.

"But what are we going to do till then?" asked Dempsey.

"Find lodging."

"But where?"

"Oh, I don't know. We 'll have to ask somebody."

"But we can't speak a word of Russian——"

"Oh, shut up."

I knocked at the nearest door, but nobody answered. You would have thought that the town was dead. We walked on. Wind began to whistle through the narrow, deserted street.

"Somebody 's coming!" said Dempsey.

A man was approaching, carrying a lantern. I called him: "Hoi!" He stopped, and we went up to him. As he held up the lantern to look at us, I caught a glimpse of his face. He was a Jew, very small, closely wrapped in a wolf-skin coat, with a fur cap pulled down over his ears. His face was as narrow as if it had been pressed between two boards; marked with smallpox, and contorted in an anxious, mechanical grin, such as you see on the face of a man squinting against strong sunlight. I addressed him in German:

"Can you help us find a place to sleep?"

He replied in Yiddish: "Sleep? Can you pay?"

"Yes."

"Well, there 's a hotel."

"Is there? Where?"

"Well, you go straight along until you come to Batko's; then turn to the left by the——"

"But how can we find our way in the dark? We 're strangers here."

"Hum. All right. I 'll show you. You come with me."

"I don't like the look of him," whispered Dempsey.

We followed the man with the lantern. The streets grew narrower, winding like snakes. We were lost in a maze of black tunnels, through which the rising wind rushed, roaring, flinging into our faces gritty fragments of ice. Dempsey took my arm, and clung to it. We came to the deep centre of the town, to a street so narrow that two men could not have walked abreast through it. Our guide stopped at an ancient and filthy wooden house which leaned over at an angle of sixty degrees on to three huge wooden

(Concluded on page 602)

From an original wood engraving by Tom Chadwick, R.B.A.

The Conqueror Worm *(Continued from page 601)*

props, which alone prevented it from falling down.

"Here you are, gentlemen! A hotel. Yak's. It's all right, I tell you!" The Jew knocked at the door.

"We can't go in here," said Dempsey.

"We've got to go somewhere," I said.

"I'd rather spend the night in the streets. I've got a feeling——"

"Ssh!"

The door swung open, and the entire opening was blocked by the immense bulk of a man. The light was behind him. We could see only his black silhouette. He stepped back.

"Come in," said our guide.

I pushed Dempsey in front of me, into the house. The man closed the door, and then, as he turned and faced us, I started back and put my hand on my revolver. I have never seen such a man. His bulk, alone, was terrifying: stripped, he must have weighed twenty-two stone. His colossal torso was muffled in a great bearskin coat—he seemed larger than an elephant; yet even so, his head was too big for his body. His face appeared to have been twisted out of shape by some fantastic disease, until it bore a distinct resemblance to the head of a rhinoceros: it had the same scalloped mouth, bestial forehead, and ponderous jowl. His nose was smashed flat. An ancient scar, which must have laid open the whole left-hand side of his face, twitched up a corner of his mouth in a perpetual snarl. His flat skull was covered with coarse white bristles, and under his lower lip hung a tuft like a shaving-brush. Our guide whispered to him: they both laughed. The anxious, grinning little face turned towards me, as he said:

"This is Yak. You'll be comfortable here. Such a bed! You'll never want to get up again. Good-night! Sleep well!" The door closed on him. We were alone with Yak.

"Let's get out of here," whispered Dempsey, shaking like a leaf; but it seemed ridiculous, now, to go back into the streets. If I have one English trait, it is that I would face death rather than do something that seems ridiculous. Moreover, I had my revolver.

I said to Yak, in German: "We want a bed."

He shook his head. He did not understand; and all the time, he looked at us with one wicked little red eye.

"What's Russian for 'bed,' Dempsey?"

"I don't know. Oh, please, please, let's get out of here!"

"And freeze to death?"

Yak moved, pushing us before him. He steered us upstairs, to the first floor, struck a match, and lit a lamp. The flame popped and spread. We were in a tiny bedroom, containing a great old bed, and no other furniture. The windows, I noticed, had been firmly boarded up. I turned again to Yak, and said, in a tone of authority:

"We must be called at five o'clock."

He shook his head.

I made gestures. I pointed to him; then to Dempsey and myself: indicated an imaginary clock; conveyed, in pantomime, sleeping and waking up, and spread out five fingers.

"What's Russian for 'five o'clock'?" I asked.

"Something like 'pyet chessov,'" said Dempsey.

"Pyet chessov!" I said, very loudly.

Yak nodded, and then, with a grin that made my blood run cold, said: "Pyet chessov."

He went out. Something went *click*.

"He locked the door!" cried Dempsey.

I tried the door. It was locked. I knocked. There was no answer.

"My God!" exclaimed Dempsey. "This is terrible. I didn't want to come here. It's all your fault. You insisted. Now see what a mess we're in. I had a feeling that something was going to happen. Now we're caught, like rats in a trap. Oh, God, what are we going to do?"

"Perhaps it's only a custom here, in case a lodger runs away without paying his rent."

"He would have asked us to pay in advance," said Dempsey, "but he knows there's no need to. He'll get all we've got without asking. We'll never see daylight. We're finished."

"I've got a revolver."

"My God, my God!" whispered Dempsey.

"We can lie down, and keep warm," I said, "I'm freezing, and I'm dead beat. I'm going to lie down."

I did so, covering myself with the malodorous bedclothes—the greasy natting, and the mangy bearskin rug. Dempsey leapt into bed beside me, and sat bolt upright, tense with terror, and shivering so that the bed shook.

"Relax," I said.

"I can't."

"Take your boots off."

"I can't."

"Lie down."

"I can't. I've got a premonition. My premonitions are always right. I'm psychic. You might get out of this: I never shall. I tell you, I know I shan't get out of here alive. Listen. You've been my friend, my only friend. Take my papers and my—open your eyes, please, open your eyes and listen to me. I shall die here. Something tells me . . . I *know*. There's death in this house—*what's that?*"

It was a shuffling noise. In the middle of the room, looking at us with sickening curiosity, sat two large black rats. I waved a hand at them, to drive them away; they did not move.

"They're waiting for us," said Dempsey, "they *know*. Rats know."

A blast of wind struck the house. A piece of ice, dislodged from the roof, slid down with a grating noise and fell into the street. Dempsey's teeth were chattering like castanets. I laid my revolver between us, and propped myself up against the headboard of the bed. There seemed to be two weights pressing down upon my eyelids. I struggled against sleep, but vast waves of weariness were running through my body.

"*What's that?*" whispered Dempsey. Something was scratching at the door. I looked, with the big revolver poised for a snapshot. It was another rat.

"Keep quiet," I said, "let me get a few minutes rest."

Nothing, nothing in the world could have kept me awake. Consciousness was slipping away from me . . . down and down and down an infinite precipice of smooth black glass. . . .

Then I was asleep, and I remember that I was involved in a bizarre and meaningless dream. . . . I was being led out into a yard, and a voice was saying to me: "You are to impersonate the Emperor Napoleon. . . ." I saw the rings of a thousand rifle-muzzles. There was a terrific explosion. I was blown away, head over heels, roaring with laughter, over a tremendous black landscape, soaring like a bird. Then I looked up, and saw hovering over me a gigantic machine bristling with hooks. It descended, caught me. I struggled to free myself, and heard a voice whisper: "Wake up! For God's sake! Wake up!"

I opened my eyes with a groan, and saw the terrified face of Dempsey. "Look!" he said, "Oh, God, look!"

The door was opening. In the widening black oblong, I saw the revolting face of Yak, moving as silently as the ghost of an evil passion, indescribably hideous in the ghastly lamplight. He entered the room. Dempsey screamed, and then, drowning the scream, came the stunning bang of the heavy revolver, with the stinging smell of cordite. Yak dropped a vast hand to his chest, fell back against the wall, and sat down, his legs spread out in front of him. I leapt out of bed. Yak's right hand came slowly away from his breast, wet with blood, as he spread it out like a fan in front of us, stared, with utter astonishment, and said, in a fading whisper:

"Pyet . . . chessov. . . ."

At that moment, the bell of a church boomed the first stroke of five.

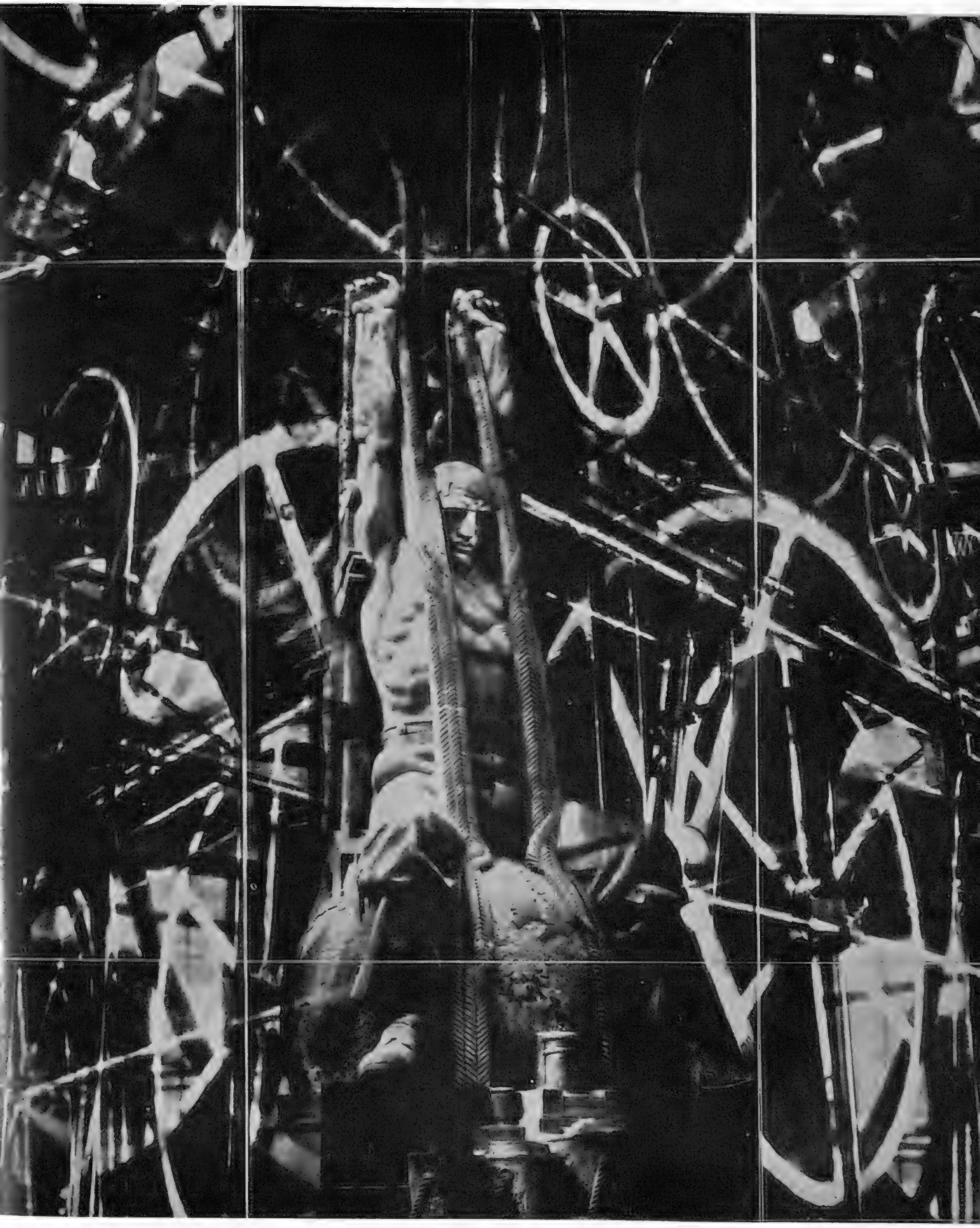
"Idiot!" I said, as I snatched the revolver out of Dempsey's hand, "He was only coming to wake us up!"

We caught the first ferry-boat. Within a week, we had put five hundred miles between ourselves and Nyevinossi-Novgorod. Dempsey began to recover from the shock. At first, he said: "How was I to know? It was excusable." Then: "How do you know he was only going to wake us up?" Then: "I'm not at all sure that I didn't save both our lives"; and finally: "I'm absolutely certain that I caught him in the act. Thank God, I didn't lose my presence of mind!"

He grew quite aggressive. In Oslo, he reprimanded a barber. In Berlin, he swore at a waiter. I left him in Paris. That was in 1920. I hear that he is married since then. He treats his wife with extraordinary severity, and was heard calling her a "sickening idiot" in the presence of strangers. He still finds it difficult to stand a direct look, but he is a roaring lion with subordinates, and has cultivated a quite terrifying manner of handing his hat to cloak-room attendants.

He is acquiring something of the reputation of a man of iron.

The huge window on the right was designed by Francis Bruguiere to go over the South Entrance of the British Pavilion in Paris. It is probably the largest piece of glass (13′ 4″ by 15′ 8″) to be treated photographically; the process of treatment is Eugene Mollo's, but carried out by a new method of Bruguiere's. The central figure is taken from the late Charles Jagger's sculpture representing Marine Transport; the background is a photographic impression of machinery in the Bryant and May match factory



Wheels of Industry—a Window for the Paris Exhibition

Films of the Day

Skating is Not Acting : By George Campbell

Let's face it. Sonja Henie is a marvellous skater, but as an actress she's still in the kindergarten. If *One in a Million*, her first picture, has its moments, as it undoubtedly has, they are mainly due to the things that Hollywood did *not* inject with the idea of jazzing up the story—simple sentiment, lovely backgrounds and the star's *tour de force* on the ice. All the quick-fire shouting and wisecracks, the valiant efforts of Adolphe Menjou to make the thing go like *The Front Page* or *The Mighty Barnum*, the music-hall turns dragged in and dragged out, to the point of tedium, only lessen its naive charm.

In 1908, we learn, a famous Swiss skater (Jean Hersholt) was disqualified after winning the Olympic skating championship on the ground that he had forfeited his amateur status. When the story opens he is an inn-keeper in the Alps, training his daughter (Sonja Henie) for the honours he so sadly lost. Enter Adolphe Menjou, as a down-and-out showman. He fastens on Miss Henie as a potential gold-mine, induces her to take part in an exhibition for which he has taken money — while scrupulously refraining from offering any share of it to her—and thereby nearly costs her the championship she has just won. The rest, apart from Miss Henie's actual skating, is merely padding—an interminable turn by a mouth-organ band, some not very funny fooling by the Ritz Brothers and Borrah Minevitch, and love-making, without much charm, by Don Ameche. I said, after "Ramona," that Mr. Ameche was a rising star. I was wrong. With long hair and a buckskin shirt he was convincing. As an American reporter he is just another travelling salesman. Miss Henie has the chubbiest of faces and the sturdiest of legs ; but she has charm.

If violence disturbs you, you had better stay away from *They Gave Him A Gun*. It is tough and cynical, in places brutal, yet shot through with humanity and homespun chivalry. For these redeeming qualities it is indebted mainly to Spencer Tracy. That superb artist in under-statement plays a circus man drafted into the American army in company with a sensitive young salesman (Franchot Tone). When the time comes for bayonet drill the salesman is sickened by the instructor's gleeful analysis of the rival merits of the throat, the arm-pit and the abdomen as a mark, and his tips about extracting the bayonet. But he manages to excel as a rifle-shot, and in France he finds the gift useful. He picks off a German machine-gun crew, without the slightest risk to himself, finds himself a hero, and marries the nurse, while his pal is a prisoner of war. Peace comes. What shall he do ? Go back to selling collars at 28 dollars a week ? Not on your life. While the circus man philosophically resumes the old life, the other fellow finds a new use for his gun, and makes it pay handsomely.

To tell any more of the story would only spoil it. It is enough that the plot moves fast and makes sense, the characters all live, and the cutting and direction are superb. Mr. Tracy has never done anything better than his laconic circus "barker," and Franchot Tone, a highly accomplished young actor, shows genuine versatility as the salesman turned racketeer. Gladys George, from Broadway, plays the nurse. She alone seemed to me mis-cast.

I have a penchant for French films. Therefore I cannot be accused of prejudice when I admit that I found *Mister Flow* about as interesting as an animated crossword. Some people say they followed the plot. I believe they're swanking. Here it is, however, as explained in the synopsis :

"Mister Flow is an international crook, who has several aliases. A young barrister, Antonin Rose, who aids Lady Helena Scarlett in distress, is not aware that she is Mister Flow's mistress, and he falls so much under her spell that she persuades him, for her own schemes, to adopt the disguise of Mister Prin, one of the characters that Mister Flow uses when necessary. Lady Helena carries on her career of robbery for Mister Flow, and has a flirtation with Rose at the same time. At last Mister Flow, under the alias of Durin, a valet, is brought to trial for robbery. Rose learns of Durin's real identity and threatens to disclose the fact that he is Mister Flow, unless he will willingly accept the sentence of one year's hard labour for his crime. Fearful of having his real name disclosed, Flow submits, leaving a very happy Rose to carry on his love affair with Lady Helena, secure in the knowledge that Flow cannot interfere."

There it is, as plain as the nose on your face, without the yachting and the chase and all the other complications ; and there was a time, as the judge explained it all with the aid of an ink-well, a paper weight and a blotter, when I thought I understood it. But it went. Perhaps if critics had been supplied with an ink-well, a paper weight and a blotter. . . . As it is I'll never know.

Gaston Leroux wrote the story, and Robert Siodmak, who made *La Crise Est Finie*, directed. Louis Jouvet, in the rôle of Mister Flow (the "Mister" is always spelt in full), is obviously a strong and talented actor, though a trifle monotonous in intonation, and I shall look forward to seeing him again in a story that gives more scope. Fernand Gravey has little to do but look perplexed, as well the poor devil might, and only Edwige Feuillère, and the enchanting hussy indifferently alluded to as Lady Scarlett and Lady Helena Scarlett, gets a chance to act.

Sonja Henie and Don Ameche in "One in a Million"

George Campbell has some uncomplimentary things to say about the entertainment value of "One in a Million" (at the Regal), a skating story starring Sonja Henie, who relinquished her chances of defending her world amateur title by acting in this film. The plot itself deals with amateurism and professionalism, has Don Ameche in the male lead, Adolphe Menjou in a gallant attempt to pep the film up. Borrah Minevitch and his harmonica boys as musical padding. Darryl Zanuck was the producer

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

The printed ensemble on the right is ideal for week-end visits when it is often difficult to know what to take. It is made in fancy printed crêpe with a vivid Egyptian design, and may be seen at Woolland's, Knightsbridge, whose summer sale is now proceeding. The dress is quite plain, with inverted pleats in the skirt and short puff sleeves, while the square box coat has an easy swing and built up shoulders. It is reduced to 98s. 6d., and comes from the model gown salons on the first floor. Another outstanding bargain, for the same price, is a printed evening dress in ripple crêpe with a sapphire blue background and pale cyclamen flowers. It has a very slender line, and is draped to the figure with a lightly shirred corsage

Frocks For Midsummer Days

There is a vast choice of cool materials for summer frocks this year, including crease-resisting linens and silk tweeds, both very good for holiday wear. While a large proportion are printed with a coloured design, there are many perfectly plain with perhaps a self rib, spot or check. The dress above has a crisp, youthful air, and is made in biscuit crêpe dyed a pale lime-green. It is severely tailored with an Eton collar and reversed tucks, while the skirt is cut with box pleats in front and a back panel split open to allow for extra freedom. The price is five guineas, and it comes from the inexpensive salons at Gorringe's, in the Buckingham Palace Road

Though every colour in the rainbow is fashionable this year, navy and white is a very favourite alliance. It is particularly smart in the case of a white tailored suit with a dark-blue chiffon blouse, rather high at the neck, and a white paper panama hat trimmed with navy-blue Petersham. In the same way, it is equally effective in print as with the dress on the right from Gorringe's. The material is a ripple figured crêpe de chine, dark-blue with a white pin spot, and the price is only seventy-nine shillings and sixpence. Cut on simple lines, this frock is easily packed, and very becoming with its white collar and cuffs in piqué with a silk finish

Scott Bushe

the BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

Realising that no woman ever looks her best if her eyes are tired and strained, Adelaide Grey, 27, Old Bond Street, has created a new Laleek eye care treatment which is really wonderful. The complete outfit only costs 4s. 6d., and consists of Beauty Drops and Beauty Oil, the latter for removing wrinkles round the eyes

Beauty accessories no longer hide inside handbags, but dangle from the waist and lend colour to a dress. Sketched on the right is the new stiletto comb and powder case costing 29s. 6d. from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. They are made in various lovely shades of enamel, and clip on to a belt in a most decorative way

The brilliant colouring of certain beautiful birds, largely tropical, is proving a source of inspiration to glove designers, and Harrods, Knightsbridge, are showing gloves created by Chanut in fine kid dyed in plumage colours. They are available in several different shades including Cockatoo, Flamingo, Plover, and Bird of Paradise

It is not often that one comes across a black tulip even in spring, but here is a particularly lovely specimen from Harvey Nichols. As you see, it is really a handbag in the finest antelope, tucked and modelled into shape by skilled fingers. Though comparatively small, it holds a good deal

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Family Portrait: By Alan Thomas

How well one knows the kind of memoir that is "written at the request of the family" and printed for private circulation among the late lamented's friends. The author, who is, of course, himself an old and valued friend, usually declares at the outset that his only interest is to present a true picture of his subject: he then proceeds to paint him in such a pose that the light falls with exaggerated appreciation on all his better qualities, while his faults are either omitted altogether or else so delicately indicated as to run some risk of being interpreted as virtues. Mr. John P. Marquand in his latest novel, *The Late George Apley* (Robert Hale; 7*s.* 6*d.*), has taken the measure of that type of memoir. Were it not that this book is so immeasurably superior to its prototype, the unwary might mistake it at first for the genuine article. So, in a sense, it is genuine—but with this difference: that Mr. Marquand chuckles as he writes. And so, indeed, does the reader.

The late George Apley was an eminent and much-admired Bostonian, born in the 1860's of a family of New England industrialists. His story, supplemented by personal papers and letters, follows the familiar lines—family background, boyhood scenes, school, Harvard, a trip to Europe, business, marriage, parenthood, and so on. And as the story unfolds, there unfolds with it the panorama of social life in Boston, a panorama of respectability founded on financial security and family obligation (for "obligation" may be read "tyranny") and gradually yielding to the influence of new ideas and fresh outlooks. The canvas is large and the picture of the man and his setting is wonderfully vivid. But the distinctive feature of the book is the gentle irony which Mr. Marquand brings to the delineation of George Apley's character, and above all, his skilful use of implication. We learn a great deal from what the biographer tells us: but we learn much also from what he leaves unsaid, from what we ourselves can gather if we read between the lines. This book, which I understand has had an enormous success in America, is a delightfully amusing blend of satire and sincerity. It is, in fact, a great achievement.

Mr. Tom Clarke, in *Round the World with Tom Clarke* (Gollancz; 12*s.* 6*d.*), chats easily, naturally, journalistically, about his experiences — the places he saw, the people he met, the things he did. His route was as little exotic as his mode of travel. He and his daughter Pat went first-class in a liner from Tilbury, via Gibraltar, the Suez, and Colombo, to Australia. Thence to New Zealand, Fiji, San Francisco (and, of course, Hollywood), New York, and home on the Queen Mary. Mr. Clarke's spectacles are those of an intelligent, liberal-minded reporter (Reporter is his own modest description of himself: for as all the world knows, he was the former editor of a big London newspaper and is now Director of Practical Journalism at London University). Apart from gossip and chit-chat—always very readable and entertaining—he makes interesting observations on the political development of some of the countries he has visited—India, New Zealand, the United States, etc. In the last ten years there has been, broadly speaking, an advance in international political sense, and one of Mr. Clarke's general conclusions is that the new outlook, very observable in the Empire and based on the ideals of Democracy, Justice and Peace, is insufficiently realised over here. This is not a weighty volume: but it tells in very easily digestible form what a first-class journalist thinks of the world as he saw it in the summer of 1936.

In the realm of light serio-comedy there is Miss Mary Mitchell's *Decline and Fall of a British Matron* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The matron in question is Mrs. Bascombe, sister of the Bishop of Podbury; and it is against the narrow background of a cathedral city—the Sisters of Dorcas playing the part of rather catty commentators—that the first part of the drama is enacted. Mrs. Bascombe's problem is to get her lovely but mutton-headed daughter, Venetia, safely married to the wealthy Tom Carruthers, who loves the girl for her looks and hates her for her other qualities—or rather, for the lack of them. After the couple have blown hot and cold for 125 pages or so, the engagement is finally called off—Mrs. Bascombe being defeated on points. Venetia runs away to the Continent, where the fight for her daughter's respectability is carried on by the tireless matron in face of fearful odds. For all that the plot is cleverly contrived, the characterisation and writing are such that I was conscious rather of the efforts that Miss Mitchell was making to entertain me than of the entertainment itself. The book, in fact, left me a little chilly. Query: why is the Bishop referred to throughout as his Grace?

The news that Stephen Leacock has produced another book will, I feel sure, be greeted with loud and prolonged cheers. Its title is as simple as it is veracious—*Funny Pieces* (The Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a volume of random sketches written round pretty well anything from class-room vexations to diplomatic intrigues. The only link that holds them together is the delightful inconsequence of the author's own humour. The chapter that caught my eye first was in the Literary Section and was headed "What the Reviewer Missed." There I read that "every author knows what wretched fellows the book reviewers are"—and there followed a list of our peculiar failings, one of which is our "patronising air of knowing everything." Thank Heaven at all events for a book like *Funny Pieces* which anyone can enjoy without knowing anything at all: though naturally the more you know, the more you will laugh. According to Mr. Leacock's formula, I should have laughed immoderately. Curiously enough, I did.

Another book that caused me a good deal of rather guilty amusement was *Ballet-Hoo*, by Nicolas Bentley (Cresset Press; 5*s.*), in which he wittily debunks the atmosphere of religious fervour given off, so to speak, by our friends the balletomanes (or "ballet-ptomaines," as Mr. Bentley calls them). Round such well-known stage personalities as Irina Fallova (whose "name is reminder, like those of Kruschen and Glauber, of triumphs over inherent physical disabilities, triumphs made possible only by intense, persistent, and unyielding effort"), Michael Youpushoff ("the *paquet surprise* of the *Ballets-Russes*"), and Serge Pantz (who made a name for himself as the guard in *Southern Railway*), Mr. Bentley has written an excruciatingly funny account of the Ballet and its devotees. He has also drawn the pictures.

Axel Munthe is in London

Dr. Munthe, author of the famous "Story of San Michele," is in London for a week or two; his visit counts as a holiday since his insomnia troubles him less here than anywhere else. He was photographed with his publisher's puppy, Coronation, in Mr. John Grey Murray's office in Albemarle Street

Miss Anne Mitchell and Miss Mallory Mixsell

These are two young Americans who have come over for the season with their mothers. Mallory Mixsell is a debutante, from Locust Valley, Long Island; she and her mother have taken a flat here for the summer

Miss Mary Compton

Is the debutante daughter of the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Compton; took her first committee job for the Midsummer Night's Ball to-morrow in aid of the Victoria Children's Hospital

Miss Averil Loyd and Miss Honor Leatham

These two were watching polo about which Honor Leatham knows a good deal as Major Philip Magor's niece. Averil Loyd is Mrs. Ralph Stobart's daughter

Young and Decorative

Nine Debs and Ex-Debs

Lady Moyra Ponsonby

She is Lord and Lady Bessborough's only daughter, and came out last year. Is very like her mother

Miss Davenport and Miss Tyrell-Martin

Diana Davenport and Diana Tyrell-Martin were at Ascot, wearing nice intelligent clothes for changeable weather. Miss Tyrell-Martin is the sister of polo-player Eric Tyrell-Martin

Mlle. Constance Masirevich

The Hungarian Minister's daughter is one of the most attractive of the diplomat's daughters. She is soon going off to Brione for the rest of the summer

"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (14th Year)

At Gleneagles Hotel King's Course

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WRITING you last week, when the British Championship had not done much more than begun, I was rash enough to say that a worthy champion might still be found in spite of all surprises. A year ago I was even rasher, saying with some precision that Miss Jessie Anderson, having just lost the Scottish over the Turnberry course, would win the Open there before twelve months were out. She did it, and she deserved to do it.

It is impossible to start on the glories of Gleneagles King's Course and our Scottish Foursomes there without chatting a little about the end of the week at Turnberry.

"Hills and sky incredibly blue, grass dazzling green, broom glowing yellow, and such enormous white clouds as only Scotland can produce without at the same time producing rain" — so Miss Helme describes Gleneagles

Miss V. Jeffrey (Gullane) and Miss K. Clark (Troon) were beaten 4 and 3 by Miss Anderson and Miss Morgan in the second round

Mrs. Holm's win from Miss Pam Barton was decisive. Miss Barton was nervous, there was no disguising it. Also she was trying too hard to make Mrs. Holm play the odd to her every time, a process which is, as exhausting as it is at most holes, unfruitful of any real advantage. Mrs. Holm was in one of her brilliant moods, and took the chance.

If she were less inspired in the afternoon, who shall blame her? Miss Anderson had beaten her last year over the same course, and she beat her again, virtually settling the Championship by so doing. Mrs. Holm had tuned up a moment too soon, Miss Anderson was getting better each round. Miss Dorrit Wilkins and Mrs. Andrew McNair were both playing well enough to have beaten her if she faltered, and as for the thirty-six-hole final, we were round at the fifth hole in the afternoon before it was really apparent that she had the measure of Miss Doris Park and her amazing putting. But falter she never did. "Wee Jessie" saved her strength like a wise old veteran, and then in that second round went away like a little whirlwind. She was no longer than Miss Park until the end of the match, but she had even fewer putts, and her iron play was splendid. It is good to think that yet another name which adorns the Girls' Championship cup has now been engraved on the Ladies' Open (I beg its pardon, Amateur) as well.

THERE were gay doings in her honour that evening and the next day in Perth, and then on the Tuesday she and Miss Wanda Morgan began the electrification of BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes over the Gleneagles Hotel King's Course. What do you think of getting round in 72, L.G.U. par being 76? At that rate, even their plus one joint handicap should not stop

Mrs. F. Griffiths (Elie and Earlsferry) and Miss S. M. W. Millar (Gullane) fell to the Anderson-Morgan pair's 72 in the first round

Third-round victims of Miss Anderson and Miss Morgan were Miss M. S. Urie (Turnberry) and Miss D. M. Thomson (Girls' G.S.), who lost by 6 and 5

Miss P. Gray, Miss M. Drew, Miss H. Ross and Miss J. Hill made this quartet. The Gray and Ross couple got into the fourth round; the other two, who are both of Troon, lost to Mrs. Guadella and Miss Regnart in the second

them winning, though this, of course, goes to press with only three rounds played, and plenty may happen in the four remaining ones.

The victims of this amazing performance were Miss Sophie Millar, a very good golfer indeed, particularly in the short game, and Mrs. Griffiths, who brought enough handicap to the side for Miss Anderson's to be giving it eight strokes. Miss Millar started resolutely enough, holing right across both first and second greens, but down went the shorter ones for halves, and there was never the semblance of a slip, only flights of birdies until, having reached the turn in 36 (or four under par) and then become dormy six, they did become slightly more human and even had three 5s in a row. Winning by 4 and 3 they played on, and tl at 72 was the score for the eighteen holes.

They were a little less magnificently cruel to Miss K. Clark and Miss Jeffrey next morning, out in a mere 39, but in the afternoon, against a really promising young couple, Miss Dorothy Thomson and Miss Margaret Urie, they were out in 34, and still two under 4s when they had won by 6 and 4. Believe it or not, but it 's true. If that is not team work and golf of the most superlative, I do not know it when it is played. Positively disrespectful to a fine course some people called it.

And a fine course it is, more particularly so perhaps at this time of year, rather than under the heavier going which made so much very long hitting needful when the 1933 Championship was played here, or the Curtis Cup of depressing memory in 1936. And for beauty! How anybody kept their head down with so much to look at was a marvel.

For there were not only scenery to look at but old friends to greet, Mrs. F. G. Neilson with Miss Jean McCulloch, a pair that regularly reached the prize list in the first days of Scottish Foursomes; Mrs. E. J. H. Lemon who knew Roehampton Foursomes in the chocolate age, and her sister, Miss Clayton; Mrs. Granger Harrison and Mrs. Truscott who could claim the same experience; Miss Joyce Greig back for the moment from Biarritz; and amongst the spectators, Mrs. Stewart, who it is still an effort not to call "Scroggie," temporarily home from the East, with a small daughter at school. And at the other end of the scale are players who have only just ceased to be eligible to win the Girls' Championship and who are presumably wondering why they are not as great golfers as Miss Jessie Anderson. In short, this is a splendid gathering, even if there have been a good many couples who had what the foreign waiter here called "a wash over" in the first round.

The first round had its usual crop of nineteenth holes: Miss Stenhouse and Mrs. Lindsell, though they were never down, lost all of a lead of four before winning there from Mrs. Davidson and Miss J. Reid, of Dunblane, to whom they gave 5 strokes; Mrs. Granger Harrison and Mrs. Truscott, receiving 3 from Miss Cadzow and Mrs. Gower Dunlop, and Mrs. Mackay and Miss Crawford, of Turnberry, from Mrs. Hood and Mrs. K. M. Crawford who brought all the wisdom of local knowledge to the business. Putting had plenty to do with some of the results: Mrs. Trevor Roper, deputising for her daughter, put in some fine work on the green with Miss Plunket until they had beaten Miss M. Black and her sister, Mrs. Hanmer; Miss Greig and Mrs. Iorns took as few putts as anybody and made this chance combination look highly promising. From the turn onwards they were really irresistible, and gave no chances to Miss Connell and Miss Scott Millar. It was something of a surprise next morning that they should go out with so resounding a crash as 7 and 5 to Mrs. Walter Neilson and her daughter, but that is a stout-hearted pair and kept it up well in the afternoon with a 5 and 4 win from Mrs. Paterson and Mrs. Turnbull.

Family pairs did have mixed fortunes that first day: Miss J. Mitchell and her sister, Mrs. Rowan Thomson, went out to Mrs. Core-Greenshields and Mrs. Hall Few; Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. van Marle, on the other hand, beat Mrs. Hamilton Smith and Mrs. Paterson, and are still going strong at the moment of writing, having to their credit the defeat of a much-fancied Cheshire pair, Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Raymond Cooper.

There was so much good golf played that it is impossible to deal with it all, and it is no good saying that only the lowest handicap couples played it. Miss Scott

(Concluded on page 616)

The Turnberry sisters, Miss Sheila and Miss Valentine Urie, lost 5 and 4 to Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Percy in the second round

Miss M. Smith (Ranfurly) and Mrs. R. M. Lees (Hilton Park) beat Miss J. and Miss M. Butter (Pitlochry) in the second round, but were knocked out that afternoon

Miss H. M. McGlashan (Auchterarder) and Miss E. M. Scott (Blairgowrie) beat Miss E. Middleton Borland (Auchterarder) and the American, Miss Willa Williams, by 2 up in the first round

Miss Jean McCulloch (West Kilbride) and Mrs. F. G. Neilson (Troon) are old friends of the Scottish Foursomes

Mrs. William Waddell (Carlisle City) and Mrs. John Miller (Greenock) lost to Mrs. A. M. Holm and Mrs. Greenless (Troon) in the first round. The latter pair were beaten in the third round by Mrs. Wishart and Mrs. Cuthbertson

Swing Time

Edi Polz, gymnast and instructor, is over in England to lecture at Oxford and Cambridge on physical culture. In Vienna he has the biggest gymnasium in the world, which the Duke of Windsor used to visit

The Champion, Runner-up and Semi-finalists at Turnberry

Miss Jessie Anderson, the new lady champion is sitting on the left and Miss Doris Park, runner-up and winner of the Fishwick Cup, on the right. Standing are their respective victims in the semi-finals—Mrs. A. McNair, who lost to Jessie Anderson 4 and 2, and Miss Elsie Corlett, who lost to Doris Park 3 and 2

Ringsiders for Three Rounds

Left: "A very good fight—Farr is a fine fellow," said Herr von Ribbentrop after he had watched the Welshman knock out Walter Neusel in the third round at Harringay. The German Ambassador is sitting with Max Schmeling, who is one of the only other two fighters to knock Neusel out (the other is Carnera). So we all hoped negotiations for a Farr-Schmeling fight would bear fruit

Below: Jiro Yamagishi, champion of Japan, and Fumiteru Nakano entered the singles at Wimbledon, the former for the second time, the latter for the first. Yamagishi's best gallop was when he beat Raymond Tuckey in the finals at Beckenham

Yamagishi and Nakano

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

By the time this appears, Wimbledon will be in full swing, and the crowds will be sweltering round the centre court, and the rain, quite probably, will be hovering near. Written, you will observe, in a moment of pessimism, with the father and mother of all thunderstorms looming blackly overhead.

It is vitally important just now, this pernickety weather of ours, but in my more reasonable moments I feel quite optimistic about it. Why, the New Zealand cricketers were almost grumbling at Lord's the other day, because so much fine weather had meant that they had to play cricket every day without a break of any sort. They seemed to think this was unusual, and they were right.

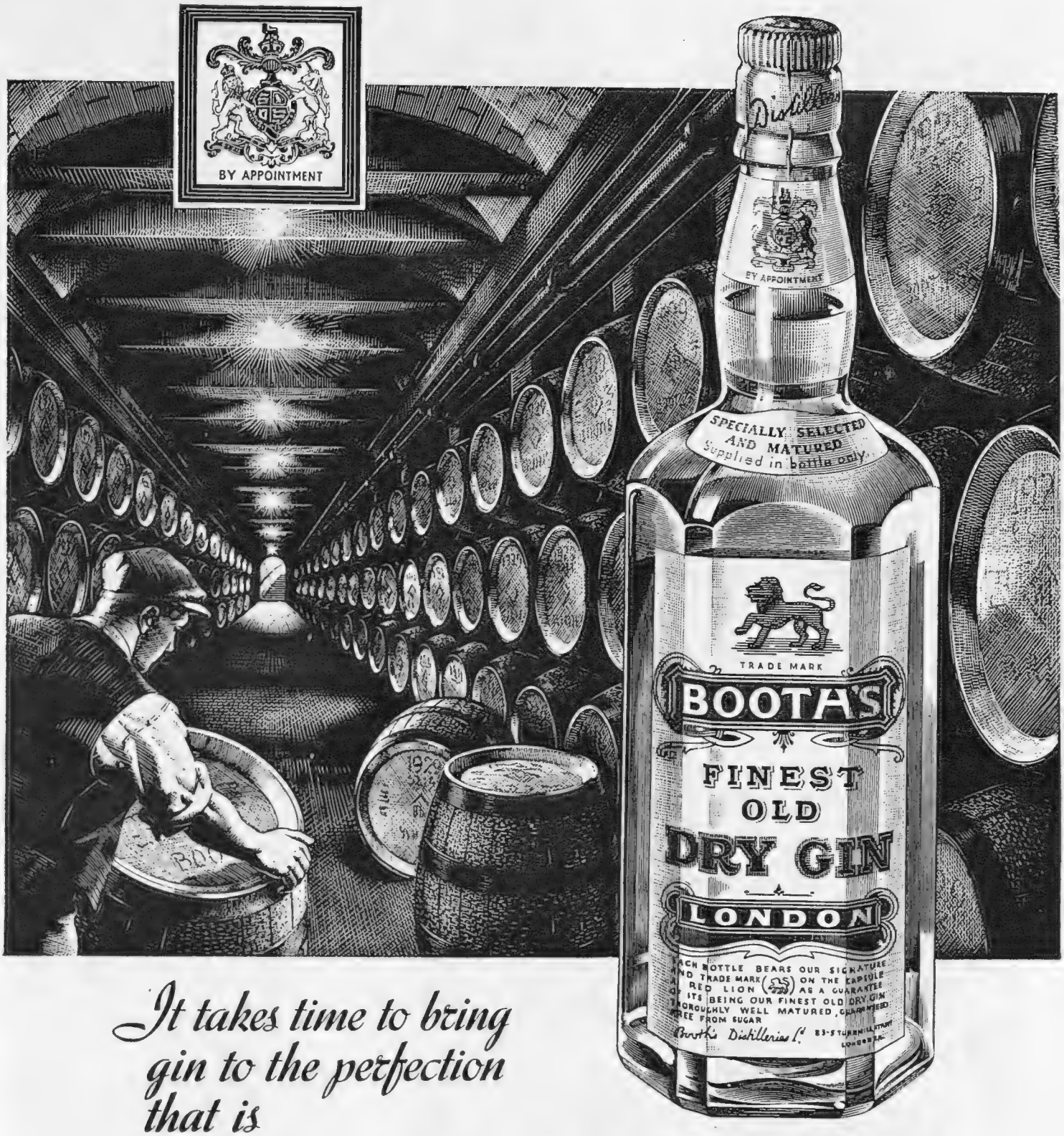
I write before the Wimbledon draw has taken place, and therefore I can do no more than hope that sunshine will bless the meeting, and that Great Britain will have a representative or two in the concluding rounds of the various events.

In the meanwhile there are activities in other branches of sport worth noting. Max Schmeling has been over here, straight from New York and his thwarted hopes of a fight with Jimmy Braddock for the world's title. He came to discuss the possibility of a fight with Tommy Farr at the White City on 30th July; that would draw a crowd, for we are all anxious to see Schmeling—dark, heavy jowled, Dempsey like—in action again.

Then next Saturday the first Test match begins at Lord's, with lively, unorthodox, interesting R. W. V. Robins leading England against New Zealand. Robins should make a grand captain, even if he sometimes sets the theorist's hair on end. He is the sort of player who constantly reminds us that cricket is a clashing of wits, and not merely a set-piece. What is more, Robins is in great form himself this year, and in all probability he will lead England against Australia next summer.

I fancy the New Zealanders will give us a much harder fight than their record in county matches would suggest.

(Concluded on page 616)



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Dorland

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Ryder Cup Team

THE selection committee appointed by the Professional Golfers' Association to select our Ryder Cup team has selected the following players to represent Great Britain against the professional golfers of the United States of America on the course of the Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club on June 29th and 30th: Percy Alliss (Templenewsam), R. Burton (Hooton), T. H. Cotton (Ashridge), W. J. Cox (Wimbledon Park), S. L. King (Knole Park), A. J. Lacey (Berkshire), A. H. Padgham (Sundridge Park), Alfred Perry (Leatherhead), D. J. Rees (Surbiton) and C. A. Whitcombe (Crews Hill).

THERE are only two changes from the team selected to play in the Coronation match at Moor Park: King and Alliss replace James Adams and R. A. Whitcombe.

No selectors could surely leave out Alliss, even if he has lately not been getting his usual good results. In the last two Ryder Cup matches Alliss has won both his singles; he is such a good sound and experienced player that it would be madness to consider his omission from any international team.

James Adams, who had an extremely good year last year, including hitting the hole on the last green to tie with Padgham in the Open, can do little right this year, and, as so often happens when a man is not quite at his best at the game of golf, is getting more than his fair share of bad luck and the same remark applies to some extent to Reggie Whitcombe.

THE winners of the three big professional tournaments, played so far this year, have all been selected, namely King, who won the *Daily Mail* tournament at Little Aston; Cotton, who won the Silver King tournament at Moor Park; and R. Burton, who won the Dunlop-Southport tournament at Hesketh.

It does not by any means always follow that a man who wins one big competition is entitled to a place in the team for the next international match. These three winners, however, have done sufficiently well in other tournaments to earn their places even if they had never been victorious in any one of them.

Of those selected only Sam King and Dai Rees have not previously played in a Ryder Cup match; they are both assistants and the coming match will be the first occasion on which two assistants have been selected, and no one can find fault with their inclusion. W. J. Cox, who played in the last Ryder Cup match, which was played in the United States in 1935, was the first assistant to play in these matches. Cox is now, of course, a fully-fledged professional; he was appointed to Wimbledon Park shortly after his return from America. The rumour that Cox was keeping this post warm for Cotton on his return to this country from Belgium appears to have been ill-founded.

APPARENTLY there were many who thought, and also considered it desirable, that a non-playing captain should be appointed. This has not been done, as Charles Whitcombe will captain the team.

A non-playing captain is only desirable when the obvious captain is a man likely to be so affected by the cares of captaincy that his own game suffers. I do not think that the cares of captaincy will cause Whitcombe any sleepless nights or in any way, whatsoever, affect his own play. He has played in every Ryder Cup match since they were first started and knows all about the men under him and their temperaments and peculiarities and probably knows more about our opponents than any other Briton, consequently he appears without doubt the most suitable man for the post of captain. The only fear that I have concerning his captaincy is that he will give all the selected players a game instead of playing what he considers the best possible team at his disposal. In the last Ryder Cup match he left himself out of the singles, a most modest and unselfish thing to do but one hardly for the good of the side.

The Ryder Cup match is decided by four foursomes and eight singles, all over thirty-six holes, so that it is possible that of the ten players selected only eight may be required to play.

PADGHAM has not shown this year the form which won the Open and the first three big professional tournaments of last year. The Open Champion is naturally in great demand for exhibition matches and I think the numerous exhibition matches in which he played at the end of last season, followed by his tour in South Africa, have made him stale and his golf somewhat listless.

There are some who think, owing to loss of form, that he should not have been selected. I cannot agree with this view as we know the golf is in him and it is more likely to come out on a big occasion than at any other time.

PROFESSIONAL golfers do not, as a rule, play foursomes nearly as well as they do singles, due, no doubt, to the fact that they seldom indulge in this form of the game. Three of the team, however, should not suffer from lack of foursome practice, namely, Lacey, Perry and Rees, who have all played a large number of foursomes in the winter meetings of the Guildford and District Golfing Alliance. Perry's methods are neither orthodox nor impressive, but he gets results and plays many really brilliant rounds, besides being a great fighter in match play; in fact, he is the type of player you want for you and not against you.

If we lose we cannot justly blame the selection committee, the members of which appear to me to have carried out their most difficult duty efficiently and sensibly.

We have got a good team with great experience, most of the members of which will have had a trial run in the Coronation match, which should be of considerable value, and so I consider that we are entitled, with the minimum of luck, to expect another victory on British soil. What a pity it will not be on British sand. No visiting team has yet won a Ryder Cup match.

More Laurels for Sweeny

Robert Sweeny showed himself a very worthy Amateur champion at West Herts. when he won the "Golf Illustrated" gold vase with one of the best scores ever known—69+68=137. Three tied for second place with 144, R. W. Hartley, A. G. S. Penman and K. V. Scott

And Another Win for Zair

R. W. Zair, who won the Bath Club handicap recently, and C. J. Clive represented the Bath in the social club's foursomes at Sunningdale and retained the cup for the donor club for the first time. They beat Carlton (Sir Robert McClean and F. S. Gentle) in the final by 5 and 4

13a.

the 36th tee
and
all square
—a poor drive
and
you're
"on edge . . ."

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this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Summer Sport *(Continued from page 612)*

Middlesex Drew with New Zealand

Despite promising conditions and exciting play on the first two days it turned out that English weather was to have the last word in the New Zealand v. Middlesex match last week. Stumps were drawn from a sodden pitch at ten-past one on the third day, with Middlesex one wicket down and 250-odd runs to make. The two in the picture are Hadlee and Vivian going out to open the first innings for the New Zealanders

They are running into form at the right time, and there are plenty of really good players in the side. The New Zealand batsmen have found the English wickets rather puzzling. In New Zealand, with one or two exceptions, wickets are all much the same. The ball comes through at a uniform pace and height. Batsmen know where they are. In this country the tourists have run up against slow wickets and fast, sticky, and lively ones, shooters and bouncers and all manner of surprises. They're just beginning to get used to these odd variations. Good luck to them, anyway, for they are a most delightful side, very anxious to play the right sort of cricket.

It is, some think, a great pity that C. S. Dempster is unable, through one of the cast-iron laws of cricket, to play for them without losing his county qualification for Leicestershire. This does seem quite illogical, especially when we remember that Constantine and Headley were able to play for the West Indies, though they were professionals in the Lancashire League. Dempster is a great batsman—he would very nearly find a place in a world eleven to-day—and he would give the tourists just the stiffening they need.

ANOTHER controversial matter, and one of some importance. When the Rugby Union meet on June 25th they will discuss a resolution, put forward by the Bristol Club, that facilities for broadcasting running commentaries on Rugby football matches should be withheld in future. The provincial Rugby clubs argue that when an international match is being played a great many people prefer to stay at home and listen to H. B. T. Wakelam's excellent account of it instead of patronising their local club game, especially if the weather is at all unpleasant.

Club gates, therefore, it is alleged, are suffering, and it may be that the Rugby Union will enforce the ban. I think there are arguments on the other side, though the clubs have a reasonable case. But Rugby commentaries interest a great many people in the game who otherwise would never have taken any notice of it, and these people are all potential supporters of their local clubs. What is more, people who have heard an exciting commentary on an international match will want to see the actual thing, and therefore the gates at Twickenham and Murrayfield will inevitably be helped.

In my opinion a ban against broadcasting would be a retrograde step. The cricket authorities take a wider view, and there is no doubt that the right sort of publicity would help any game, and that is the sort of publicity which broadcasting can give. This subject is very much to the fore just now, for the Harringay boxing authorities have ruled boxing broadcasts out by asking a high fee from the B.B.C. for broadcasting rights, and the television people are experimenting with televising the Wimbledon tennis.

ONE more point—congratulations to the Amateur Rowing Association and the Henley Stewards on wiping out the foolish amateur definition which prevented everyone "who is or has been by trade or employment for wages a mechanic, artisan, or labourer or engaged in any menial duty" from competing at Henley or any of its associated regattas. This was all the more absurd, since the National Amateur Rowing Association, with its thousands of members, irrespective of class or occupation, has had the backing of such men as Lord Desborough and Captain R. C. Bourne, and yet could not send a crew to Henley. A ridiculous state of affairs, but now rowing as a whole will be greatly stimulated and strengthened by proper co-operation and goodwill between the N.A.R.A. and the A.R.A.

Miss S. and Miss V. Grahame (North Berwick), Miss G. Pearson (Gullane) and Miss M. Brebner (Turnhouse) waiting to play on the first day

"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes

(Continued from page 611)

and Miss Hazel McGlashan, for instance, have 17 between them, but they were level fours for their match against Mrs. White and Miss Mailer. As for the seeded pairs, there was a grand demonstration in the third round of how a pair receiving as many as nine strokes could win if they refused to be frightened and played their own game. Mrs. Fraser Wishart and Mrs. Cuthbertson are joint 21. They fairly and squarely beat Mrs. Holm and Mrs. Greenlees, who at plus 3 were the lowest handicap pair ever entered in a BYSTANDER Foursome. Mrs. Holm may not have struck her best form, but it was one more case of playing as well as, and no better than, your opponent will let you. It must have been quite consoling to see the younger sister, Miss Pamela Gray, going along so splendidly. She and Miss Ross were four up on Mrs. T. W. Brown and Miss Morrison, in the second round, lost all that lead, but won at the twentieth by reaching it in two shots and having a stroke into the bargain, and they won again in the afternoon 4 and 3 from one of the many sound Northumberland couples, Mrs. Collingwood and Mrs. Crawhall.

Mrs. J. B. Walker and Mrs. Percy, after a first round wash over—that has passed into the vernacular now—kept pretty near fours all the second day: the holders, Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson Durham, are still surviving at the moment of writing.

Everything is still in the melting-pot, and a pretty hot pot it is, though luckily a glorious cool breeze blows from the north. Miss Morgan and Miss Anderson seem to be welding into a pair who should be of quite inestimable worth to Great Britain.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss P. M. Walker (Inverness), Miss M. Young (Liberton), Mrs. V. D. Warren (Troon) and Mrs. Harry Craig (Dunfermline) were four more Scottish competitors

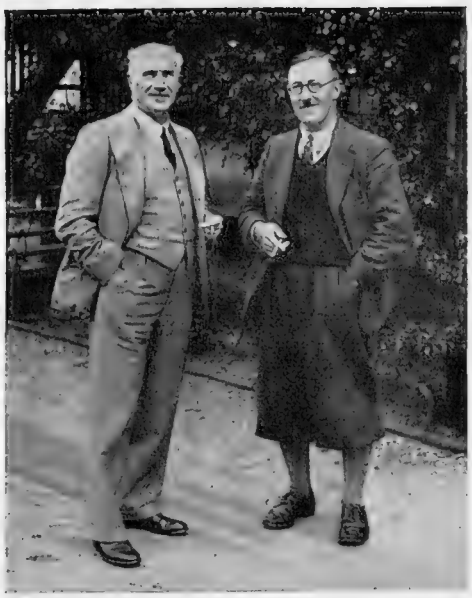
This England . . .

Inkpen Beacon and the Kennet Valley

UNEXPECTED indeed are the sidelights the very new may cast upon the very old. To take wings over this England is to remark one curious thing above most others. The dear haphazard look of our countryside falls away, and field and farm, spinney and pasture, take on an ordered look. Evidence of plan is everywhere, in ancient boundary and thick-set hedge. Straight lines they could drive, those older men, and plant their perfect rectangles over ridge and hollow, with never an instrument to help. Slowly they worked, perforce, but what a heritage they left! And for strength in labour and clarity of eye and mind, they brewed them that great solace men call Worthington today.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Golf Clubs at Home : Chelmsford



G. E. Barford (captain) and Capt. E. G. Sutton (secretary)

Golf at Chelmsford has had a difficult fight to emerge as triumphant as it is to-day. In 1893 a sporting nine-hole course was laid out round Galleywood Common, but the rights of the commoners made play difficult. In 1910 a move was made to Widford, but on the opening of the course, a severe drought caused such damage that play could not be recommenced till 1912. Then came the War, and the Club nearly perished financially and was only saved by private generosity. In 1924, however, lease difficulties were ended, improvements and additions were made and the amenities completed in 1930 by the addition of a club-house

F. L. Hawkes (committee)

J. A. White

N. Squires and J. Findlay

J. C. Sheldrake

W. Elliott

F. Smyth-Tyrell

P. Pertwee and A. F. White

G. F. Purvis, G. W. Morgan, J. B. Davison and E. R. Burroughs

R. I. Sheldrake (committee)

Monte Carlo Day—*Accent on Sophistication*

Although we went to bed nearer dawn than dusk, we arrive at the pool by midday, to bathe a little, to watch the energetic ones diving and aquaplaning and water-ski-ing.

Everyone is there: we drink very cold cocktails and talk gossip and gambling.

We lunch in the loggia: such good food that we forget our diet. We sit in the shade afterwards, with bezique, backgammon, a book.

When the heat abates, we drive an hour or so in the mountains, or play a mild round of golf. We visit our friends in their villas, or meet them at the Hotel de Paris.

Much, much later we dine at the Summer Sporting: it's a gala night, and we watch the divine fireworks which make us feel like children again.

Result: our gambling is more childish than usual. Bankrupt but happy, we dance and play our luck till dawn.

When We Asked About Monte Carlo, They Reminded Us—

About the two **Beach Hotels** right down by the sea, and the famous **Hotel de Paris** in the town, and that this Summer, to prevent overcrowding, the latter's annexe will be open as well.

That en pension terms at each of these include lunch at the **Beach Restaurant** and dinner at the **Summer Sporting.**

About the **Summer Sporting Club** where centres Monte Carlo's night-life—dining, dancing, gambling in the open air—and that nowadays the dance bands play all through the evening.

That on gala nights the "feux d'artifice," fantastically doubled by their sea-reflections, are more breath-taking than ever.

That water-sports include rock, sand and pool bathing, every kind of diving, water-ski-ing, aquaplaning and speed-boating.

That land-sports offer tennis on the **Country Club's** twenty-one hard courts, golf up on the cool heights of **Mont Agel.**

That this year that crazily exciting motor race, the **Grand Prix** around the Monte Carlo houses, will happen in August.

That Monte Carlo food is famous (most great chefs have worked here) and the summer standard is as high as tradition tells.

About the new **"Sun Beach"** cure—sun, sea, air and massage for slimming and browning, plus a special fruit and vegetable bar.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

SOMEBODY—please don't ask me who—once said, "Nothing succeeds like Success," and to this Oscar Wilde rejoined, "Nothing succeeds like Excess." The fallibility of the latter aphorism is immediately apparent to anyone versed in what is, at its best, the *gentle* art of motor racing; but it was not until I saw Freddie Dixon at Donington during the Nuffield Trophy Race that I appreciated the equal sophistry of the former adage.

No one denies Dixon's inspired ability to extract the uttermost whiff of power from an internal combustion engine. As a super-tuner he has no equal anywhere.

Now no man, I maintain, can climb to the heights to which Dixon has risen as a tuner without also possessing a genius for ingenious design. Immediately after the War, Dixon became famous as a racing motor-cycle tuner and rider. Since that time his name has become almost legendary the world over as a tuner and driver of racing cars. Success after success has rewarded his efforts and however apparently unorthodox his methods, the end has always justified the means.

Pat Fairfield, Nuffield Trophy Winner, in His E.R.A.

AT Donington on the occasion of the Nuffield Trophy Race, however, his car was not allowed to compete as the Scrutineer had condemned it as unsafe.

And here is something which I happen to know which will, I believe, be news to Dixon. Whereas this same car was precluded from competing in the R.A.C. International Car Race in the Isle of Man through Dodson having failed to qualify in practice, the car having broken down before the necessary qualifying distance had been completed, I happen to know that the Scrutineer had also made a report on that occasion which, had Dixon's car qualified, must have had the effect of barring it from competing on the score of safety.

The trouble, it appears, arises out of Dixon's modifications to the front axle assemblage and steering layout of his much-altered Riley special. An alarming looking front-end flexibility is characteristic of the car now which it never possessed before.

SOME sort of vindication of the Isle of Man scrutineer's condemnation would appear to be evidenced by the fact that Dodson suddenly and inexplicably found the car uncontrollable at speed during practice on the eve of the Donington race, as a result of which it mounted the bank beyond the Hairpin Bend and turned over, Dodson crawling out from underneath miraculously unhurt apart from one slight scratch.

All that night, Dixon, Dodson and their no less famous friend, George Brough, worked on the car with a picked band of the latter's mechanics, so that the car might be ready for the next day's race. Dawn had broken by the time their labours were completed. Imagine Dixon's disappointment, therefore, when his car was banned.

YEARS ago, Dixon invented a banking side-car which he entered for one of the Tourist Trophy races for

(Concluded on page vi)

The Government are to control the trunk roads but they can't control the weather. Some surfaces are safer after light rain than others but the safest thing is to fit INDIAs—the tyres that have all roads in their GRIP.

Junction of MATHER AVENUE and SPRINGFIELD AVENUE, Liverpool.

1734

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For after all it's the only car of its type at its price. The only British full seven-seater that costs as little as £328. Most other *real* seven-seaters—cars *designed* to hold seven people comfortably—cost £400 or more. So choice is clear enough. Mind you, we shouldn't have settled on an Austin Eighteen if I hadn't examined every inch of it, and found it was not only a first-rate job of work (you expect that of an Austin) but a real luxury car. High average speed. Grand hill-climbing. Last word in braking. Synchromesh. Economical running. But, above all, plenty of head-room and leg-room for seven—two adjustable seats in front, seating for three behind, and two really comfortable folding seats. So that's the car for us!

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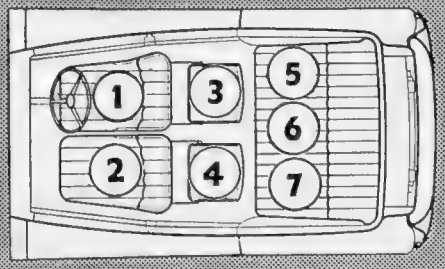

NOTABLE FEATURES: Two occasional folding seats. Folding occasional tables. Front seats independently adjustable—rear seats also adjustable. Smooth six-cylinder engine. Synchromesh gears. Girling brakes. Jackall hydraulic jacks. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Zinc interleaved springing. Adjustable steering column. Pytchley sliding roof. Extra low-pressure tyres. Triplex toughened glass.

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P. Maclure (Riley) is Leading A. C. Dobson, Who Came Second

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page iv)*

motor-cycles and side-cars in the Isle of Man. The outfit was horrible to watch at speed.

Those of us who had grown accustomed to the Simian antics of side-car passengers in their efforts to counteract centrifugal force when cornering in such races, got a new kind of thrill when Dixon's machine approached a corner, for his passenger sat quite still simply pulling a kind of joy-stick which caused the side-car to lean right over away from the motor-cycle to which it was attached by a flexible mounting.

A hasty conference followed the first morning's practice in which this terrifying spectacle had been witnessed, and Dixon's machine was banned. A typical Dixonian flow of oratory ensued and the organisers at last were won over. On the day of the race Dixon's weird machine ran—and won!

Now I am not expressing any opinion upon the merits or demerits either of Dixon's modifications to the Riley front suspension or of the Scrutineer's reactions to these; but one wonders whether or not Manx history might not have repeated itself at Donington had the car been allowed to start. . . .

Be that as it may, the Dixon-Special's absence removed one more obstacle from the path of the all-conquering E.R.A.'s, and they responded in hearty fashion by once more trouncing the Italian opposition and scoring a 1, 2, 3 victory.

Yet again, Maclure put up a truly magnificent performance in his non-supercharged 1,100 c.c. Riley, finishing fourth at 62·07 m.p.h., only 2 minutes 19¾ seconds behind the winner, Fairfield's "blown" 1,500 c.c. E.R.A., being beaten for third place by Raymond Mays' supercharged 1,100 c.c. car by the narrow margin of less than 69 seconds.

Arthur Dobson, who finished second a mere 46 seconds behind Fairfield, drove the race of his life, lapping with amazing consistency throughout. Alone among the competitors, Fairfield and Dobson ran right through without a re-fuel—which points another moral.

The only other finisher was E. de Graffenreid, the Swiss driver, holder of an Austrian barony, who put up a good show in a car which was plainly outclassed by its British opponents.

As to Donington itself, why must the public be subjected to such primitive conditions as those prevailing there? In the most expensive enclosure of all, spectators had to move about knee-deep in rain-soaked grass. Surely for a race of such importance as the preliminary Press notices would have had us believe the Nuffield Trophy Race to be, it would have been worth while to have had the grass scythed. And when will the caterers realise that quite a lot of people object to drinking out of cardboard cups?

When somebody imparts a little Continental showmanship into the presentation of British motor races, then and then only will that somebody begin to get something approaching Continental "gates." I wish it were possible to persuade our British Clerks of the Courses to pay a quick visit to Avus the next time there is racing there—why, at Avus even the sanitary arrangements are adequate!

And after all, it *is* in mortals to *deserve* success!

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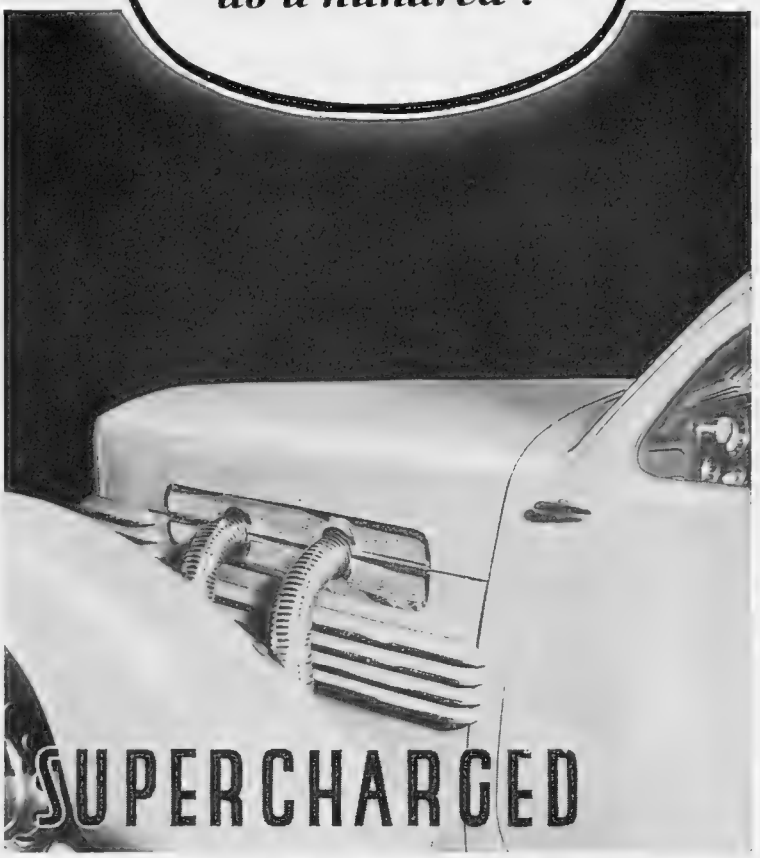

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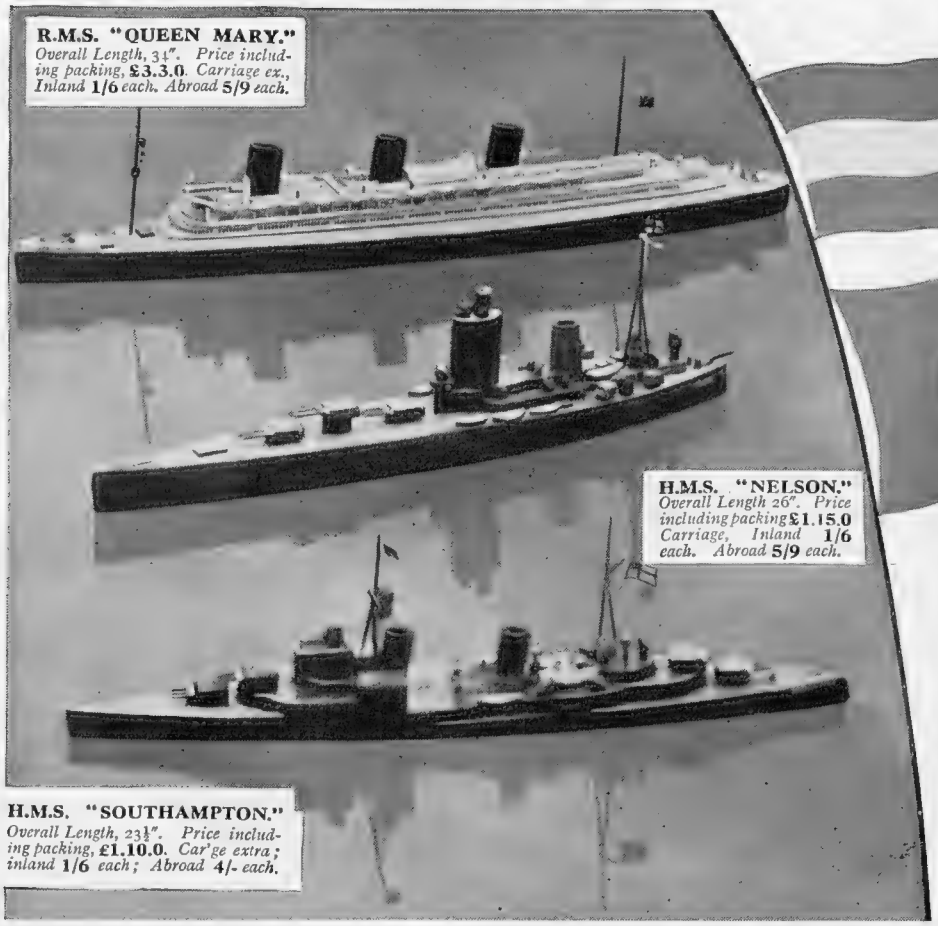
Summer Scent

IT is a great mistake ever to mix perfumes, as one scent destroys another. For this reason, Bronnley's have created a complete series of Gardenia preparations, including bath crystals, perfume and soap. The true scent of this exotic flower has been captured in the perfume which is light, sparkling and highly sophisticated. It is particularly good for the ingenuous debutante who so often lacks confidence when she first comes out, as it accentuates her personality and increases her charm in a subtle manner. In addition to this it is suitable for both day and evening as there is nothing in the least overpowering about it. Sprayed lightly over the hair and round the neck it will impart a lasting fragrance, while a few drops on a handkerchief is very refreshing in a close atmosphere. A small bottle for the hand-bag only costs three shillings and takes up practically no room.

Beauty in the Bath

THERE is nothing more refreshing after a hard game of tennis than to sink back into a hot bath and relax completely. The water, however, should be soft and fragrant with the scent of Bronnley's bath crystals, which act like a tonic to weary limbs. They ease any tendency to stiffness and create a delightful aroma which is very soothing to frayed nerves. A jet black jar for the bathroom costs half a crown, while for travelling there are small, neatly packed boxes containing six cubes for one and sixpence. The same fragrance, less concentrated, is present in the Beauty Soap, which is super-fatted, and costs half a crown for a box of three tablets. It is an ideal cleanser and sinks right into the pores of the skin, clearing them of all impurities. In the same way, Bronnley's new Turtle Oil soap is excellent for every type of skin, and particularly the dry kind, as it contains nourishing properties which feed hungry tissues. The fact that it is made with turtle oil derived from the giant sea turtle, is of particular interest, as history records that Cleopatra bathed in "turtle oil and wine." Like all Bronnley's preparations, it is obtainable practically everywhere at sixpence and a shilling the tablet.

The FLEET IN MINIATURE



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A Pageant of Air Power

By Charles Ward

At Hendon on Saturday Next

SOME years ago, it was decreed by the powers that be—"cease referring to the Royal Air Force Display as a pageant." "It is essentially the culmination of a year's work, and only as an incidental, are the items arranged as a spectacle for the public." This is still the official view, but this year's Display is, nevertheless, a pageant of air power, sufficiently impressive in colour, speed, rapid manœuvre, and in the vast quantity of aircraft taking part to strike a note of wonder or terror, according to susceptibility, in the minds of all spectators. That this vast machine, moving at an average speed of anything between four and seven miles a minute could be a terrible weapon of war is undoubted, but it is equally a magnificent guarantee of peace. No foreign observer who can survey the scene at Hendon on Saturday next with a practised eye, will fail to admit that we have retrieved our lost place as a leading power in the air. Quality we have always maintained. Quantity is now making itself evident also.

Egg Baskets

BOMBERS—heavy, medium and light—have increased in numbers and importance with the all-round rise in speed and greater efficiency of armament. Many experts believe that the single-seater fighter will pass out of fashion during the next decade, but whether this prophecy is correct or not, there is a very small difference in speed between the fighters and the fastest bombers. Some of the latter are certain to penetrate the finest defensive barrage of fighters, "Archie" and "Aprons," so the modern tendency is to concentrate on bombers in the belief that the best form of defence is attack.

Charles E. Brown

With eggs in the basket. The streamlined "floats" beneath the wing of this "Wellesley" bomber are in reality, bomb containers. The type is in production by Vickers for the Royal Air Force

Elsewhere in this issue are illustrations of the "Blenheim," built by Bristols as a military version of "Britain First," which was constructed to the order of Lord Rothermere. "Britain First" was intended to demonstrate that we could, if we chose, build a faster commercial liner, than any foreign country. It was so successful that the Air Ministry appropriated the idea for the Service and the Blenheim in hundreds is the result. It flies at an easy 280 miles an hour with a full load of "eggs in the basket," at 14,000 feet. Built entirely of metal, and with 1700 horse-power at its disposal, it can climb to 30,000 feet, at which elevation it is a most deadly weapon.

Imperial Air Plans

ACCORDING to a report received from Canada by *The Aeroplane*, to-morrow June 24th has been chosen as the date for trial flights across the Atlantic by Imperial Airways, and its opposite number in America. Flying-boats will be used in each case. The "Albatross," although it will fly at Hendon during the R.A.F. Display, has not yet completed all its tests and will not visit America until the end of the summer. "Capella" made a fast flight to Rome and back at the beginning of the month—a matter of 2000 miles in 16 hours. Plans for still larger boats to carry the Atlantic passenger traffic in 1939-40 have been completed by Short Brothers, of Rochester. Construction will commence this year. Size is to approach 40 tons, requiring 6000 horse-power to give a cruising speed of 180 miles an hour. Radial engines, giving 1500 horse-power, will be available by 1939, and an interesting point of design is that the monoplane wing will be thick enough—five feet at the leading edge—to enable four engines to be embedded. Passenger accommodation for twenty will be provided, in addition to quarters for a crew of six and a ton or so of mail. Flying-boats of the more distant future will scale from 50 to 100 tons all-up weight.

TWO CORRECTIONS.

In our issue of June 2, we published a photograph of H.M. King Christian X. of Denmark and Iceland, in the caption under which we described him as "King Axel of Denmark." We much regret this slip of the pen.

We also regret that in our issue of June 9, under a photograph of H.M. Queen Mary being received at the Coliseum gala first-night by H.H. Princess Nikita of Russia, we stated that Her Majesty was received by Princess Nikita's mother, H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia. Princess Nikita is president and chairman of the charity for which the gala was held.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

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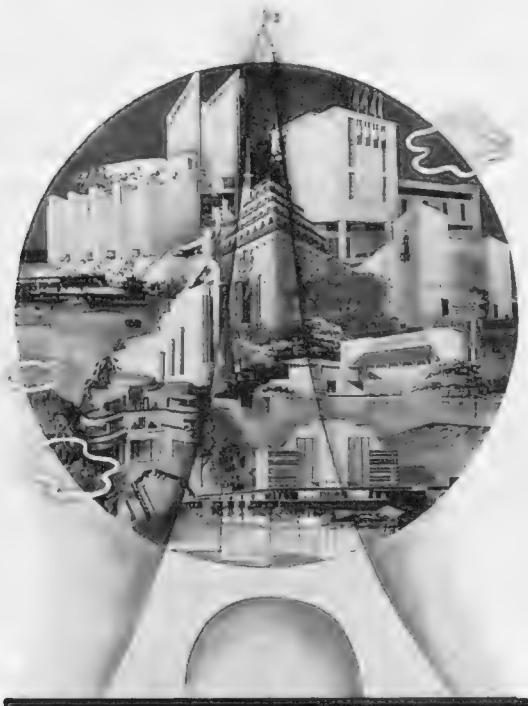

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PARIS 1937

Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Backhouse, Poona

Margery Alice Clerk

Is engaged to Richard Thornton, Royal Tank Corps, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thornton, of East Ashling House, near Chichester; she is the daughter of the late Herbert Edward Clerk and Mrs. Clerk, of 9, Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5

Stuart Hamilton

Muriel Lonsdale

Is the daughter of the late Granville Lonsdale, of Singapore, and Mrs. P. H. Battishill, and is engaged to Flt.-Lt. C. T. Weir, son of the late Cecil Weir, of Vancouver, B.C., and Mrs. Cowley, of Brincliffe Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire

Tunbridge

Mollie Taylor

Is the daughter of Mrs. C. A. E. Taylor, of 17, Woburn Square, W.C.1, and is engaged to Gerald Surman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Surman, of Elmhurst, Dorking

Lenare

Pamela Savory

Is the youngest daughter of Sir William and Lady Savory, of 38, Westbourne Terrace, W.2; she is engaged to Ronald Graham Syme, Gold Coast Administrative Service, second son of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Syme, of Woodlawn, New Milton, Hants

Schaeffer, Bombay

Christine Rose

Is engaged to Laurence Alfred Lewer, R.A.F., younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. L. W. Lewer, of Queen's Gate, Southsea; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rose, of 27, Cuffe Parade, Bombay

Lenare

Sylvia Frances Heath

Is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. F. E. Heath, of The Elms, Stevenage, Herts.; she is engaged to Arthur Eric French, The Beds. and Herts. Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin French, of Chesterton Mills, Cambridge

Lenare

Catherine Mary Haggie

Is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Haggie, of 92, Onslow Gardens, S.W.7, and is engaged to Captain William Withycombe, K.O.Y.L.I., only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. W. M. Withycombe, of Holt, Norfolk

Bassano

Sheila Naylor

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. J. M. Naylor, of The Holt, Upham, Hants., and is engaged to Lt. Bertram Stote Pemberton, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. S. Pemberton, of Alstonefield Manor, Ashbourne

Fair — Du Boulay

Lt.-Comdr. John Fair, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. St. F. Fair, of Bishop's Sutton House, Alresford, Hants., and Gwendolen Houssemayne Du Boulay, daughter of Sir James and Lady Houssemayne Du Boulay, of Oxenbourne House, East Meon, Hants., were married at Winchester College Chapel

Staveley — Rawlings

At Yealmpton Church, Flt.-Lt. John Staveley, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Staveley, married Daphne Rawlings, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. Clive Rawlings, of Gloynes, Yealmpton, Devon

Barne — Holmes Hunt

Anthony Miles Barne, Royal Dragoons, son of the late Major Miles Barne, Scots Guards, and Mrs. Barne, of The Malting, Garboldisham, Norfolk, and Cara Holmes Hunt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Holmes Hunt, of Toorak, Melbourne, Australia, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Hutchings — Barnes

Harold Compton Hutchings, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hutchings, of The Trossachs, Bathampton, Somerset, and Gwendoline Barnes, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. J. Barnes, of 1, Tudor Close, Chislehurst, Kent, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Heywood — Mitcheson

Stephen Dempster Heywood, only son of the late S. D. Heywood and Mrs. Heywood, of Little Onn Hall, Church Eaton, Staffs., married Elizabeth Mitcheson at Bentley Church. She is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Harry Mitcheson, of Bentley House, Atherstone, Warwick

Baxter — Nicoll

At Chelsea Old Church, Arthur Douglas Baxter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Baxter, of Smugglers, Rogate, Sussex, married Dorothy Nicoll, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Nicoll, of Pine Grove, Dundee, Angus

Fabin — Collins

Captain Douglas Fabin, son of the late Percival Fabin and Mrs. Fabin, of Folkestone, and Greta Collins, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins, of Baston Manor, Hayes, Kent, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Powell — Gilbertson

John Sidney Powell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Powell, of North Hill, Swansea, and Ruth Gilbertson, third daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Cecil Gilbertson, of Abercrave House, Swansea Valley, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Munro Kerr — Currie

John Martine Munro Kerr, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Munro Kerr, of 2, Buckingham Street, Glasgow, and Delia Currie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Currie, of 6, Durham Villas, Kensington, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Percival — Willoughby

Roger Percival, son of Prebendary and Mrs. J. T. Percival, of St. James's Palace, S.W.1, and Barbara Willoughby, eldest daughter of Com. A. M. Willoughby, of Clungunford, Salop, and Mrs. Peter Warren, of Cholsey, Berks., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Hodsoll — Morton Tomlin

Wing-Comdr. Eric John Hodsoll, C.B., R.A.F., married Elisabeth Morton Tomlin at Chelsea Old Church. She is the youngest daughter of Colonel Morton Tomlin, of Woodrows, Aldworth, Berks., and the late Mrs. Morton Tomlin

Lloyd — Brook

Anthony Gilbert Arthur Lloyd, son of the late A. W. Lloyd and Mrs. Lloyd, of Eastbourne, married Kathleen Mary Brook at Otley Church. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Frank Brook, of Milner Bank, Otley

"Getting Married" Is Continued On Page D

Getting Married *(Continued from page C)*

Tunbridge

Jessamine Gordon and Michael Harmsworth

Left: Michael Harmsworth is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Harmsworth, of Horsted Keynes, Sussex; Jessamine Gordon is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon of Wilmington Hall, Dartford, Kent, and niece of the Marquess of Aberdeen

Right: Rona Murray is engaged to Henry R. Trotter, eldest son of Col. and Lady Edith Trotter, of Charterhall, Duns, Berwickshire; they are being married on July 12th at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the only daughter of the late W. R. Murray and Mrs. Murray, of Sloane Gdns., S.W.1

Cannons of Hollywood

Rona Murray

Lenare

Pamela Nicholl

Is the third daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Nicholl, of Millwards, Wargrave, Berks., and is engaged to Thomas E. W. Waddington, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Waddington, of Jodhpur, India

Lenare

Catherine Leatham

Is engaged to Alastair E. H. Campbell, Cameron Highlanders, son of the late Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. H. Campbell. She is the daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Leatham, and Mrs. Leatham, of King's Grange, Dalbeattie, Kirkcudbrightshire

Right: Patricia Hannen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Hannen, of Ouseleys, Wargrave, Berks., and Devonshire House, W.1. She is engaged to Edward O'Shaughnessy, son of the late Edward O'Shaughnessy and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, of Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry, and 24, Curzon Street, W.1

Lenare

Heather Patricia Hannen

Douglas

June Harrison-Broadley

Is the elder daughter of Capt. J. B. Harrison-Broadley, of Welton, Brough, Yorks., and Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, of 48, Lowndes Square, S.W.1, and is engaged to John Wyndham Malet, 10th Hussars, son of the late Major H. W. Malet

Lenare

Lavender Millicent Grissell

Is engaged to Eric C. Russell, Grenadier Guards, son of Major and Mrs. N. H. C. Russell, of Five Thorns, Brockenhurst, Hants. She is the daughter of the late Col. B. Grissell, and Lady Astley Cubitt, and step-daughter of Gen. Sir Thomas Astley Cubitt, of Bendrose Grange, Amersham, Bucks.

Elwin Neame

Erica Clayton East

Is the youngest daughter of the late Sir George Clayton East and Lady Clayton East, of Hall Place, Maidenhead. Her fiancé is Capt. John K. M. Gordon, The Welch Regiment, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gordon, of Nettlestone, Isle of Wight

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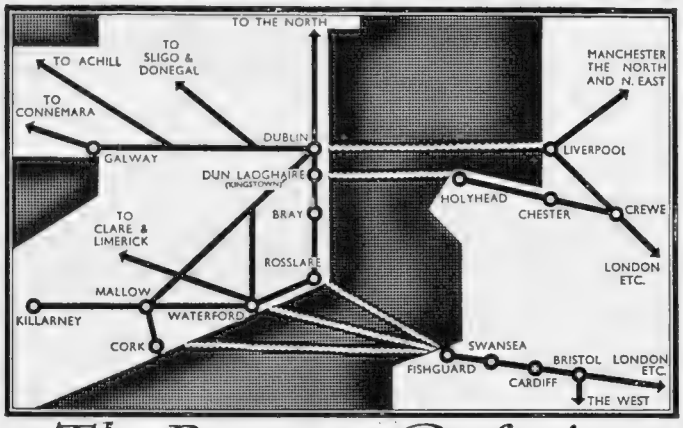

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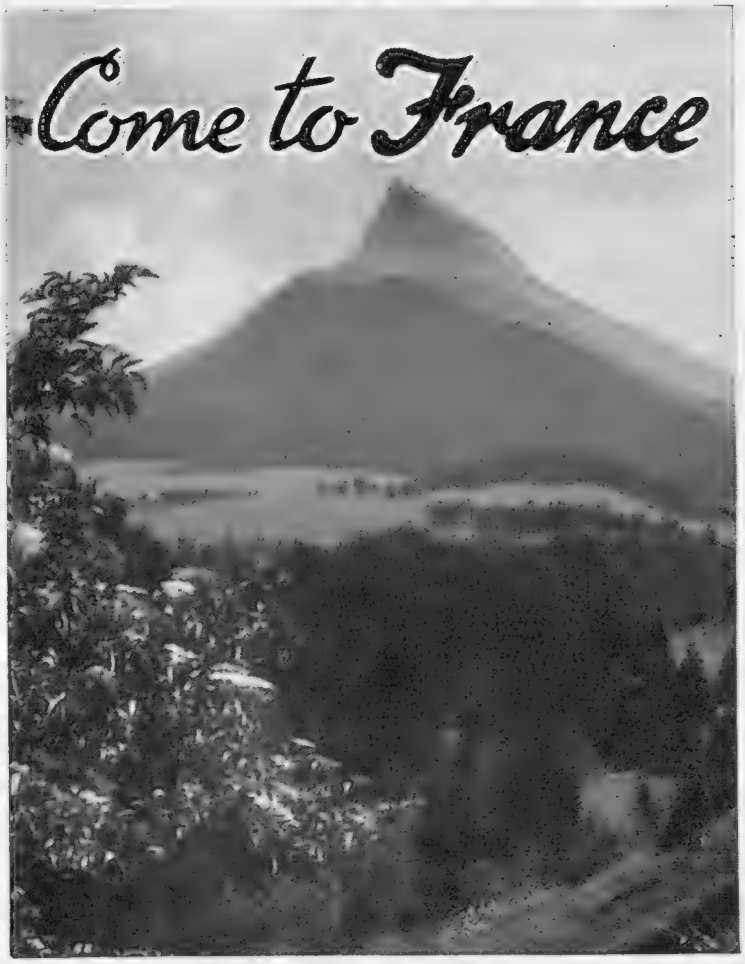

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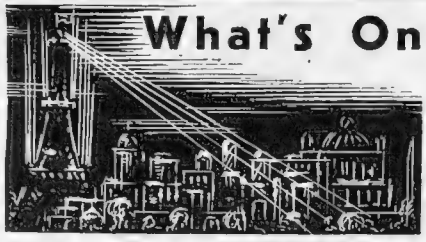

The "Bystander's" Guide to Paris During the Exhibition

EXHIBITION NEWS

One of the most eagerly awaited of all the foreign palaces—the Palace of *Hungary*—was opened to the public on June 22nd by the Hungarian Minister, Count Khuen-Héderváry and the Commissioner General, Dr. Geza de Tormay. The inauguration was a brilliant social event, attended by prominent French officials and members of the Hungarian colony in Paris. The Palace of Hungary, located near the Trocadéro, contrasts colourfully with the neighbouring buildings, while its exhibits of native arts and crafts give visitors an idea of the delightful surprises that tourists are offered in Hungary. But already the most popular feature is the Hungarian restaurant, where one may taste the unusual national dishes and listen to the captivating strains of an excellent Gypsy orchestra.

One of the outstanding contributions to the architecture of the Exhibition is the Palace of AUSTRIA, which was also only recently opened by the Austrian Minister, Mr. Alois Vollgrueber, and the Austrian Commissioner, Mr. Montmartin. The front wall of the building is an almost solid sheet of glass three stories high; this novel effect is obtained by the use of new construction materials and a specially strong steel which is manufactured only in Austria. The exhibits stress the great touristic attractions of this country, while the City of Vienna has a room devoted to its well-known housing projects and modern furniture. Real Viennese coffee is served in the restaurant of the Palace. The "BRITISH SEASON" of the Exhibition has enjoyed great success and will come to a climax during this week with five performances of Bernard Shaw's *Candida* at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées. The French Premier and Madame Blum are expected to be present at the opening performance. Candida will be played by Diana Wynyard. The other members of the cast include: Nicholas Hannen, Edward Chapman, Stephen Haggard, Athene Seyler and Geoffrey Edwards.

The Palace of Great Britain was inaugurated on Saturday, June 19th, at 11 a.m. by the Lord Mayor of London with appropriate ceremonies. Beautifully situated on the banks of the Seine just opposite the Palace of Belgium, the British contribution to the Exhibition is a dignified building in the best traditions of modern architecture. It includes the "Buttery," a national restaurant and café—daily supplied by aeroplane with genuine British foods and drinks—which is rapidly becoming the smartest rendezvous for Britishers (and others) in Paris.

Another feature of the "British Season" was the VIC-WELLS BALLET COMPANY which won the enthusiastic approval of "balletomanes" in Paris. The Exhibition authorities are doing all they can to please the ever-increasing group of theatregoers who love the ballet. They have presented the Philadelphia Ballet Company, the René Blum Monte Carlo Ballet, the Ballet Royal of Copenhagen—which scored a notable success at the Gala Danois, held at the Opera—and the Jooss Ballet; many other foreign companies are scheduled to appear. Of especial interest, however, is the "Ballet de Paris." These ballets will present a new formula: a combination of modernism with extreme brevity—and have already been dubbed "lightning ballets." The settings will be designed by the noted French artist, Paul Colin.

"WELCOME OFFICES" FOR TOURISTS

In order to facilitate the stay of tourists in Paris, the Exhibition authorities have opened ten "Welcome Offices" in various parts of the city where the traveller can obtain information about hotels and reserve a room. There is a "Welcome Office" in every railway station: Gares Saint-Lazare, Nord, Est, Lyon, Orsay and Montparnasse, and one at the Exhibition itself, at Porte (Gate) 24.

Another aid to prospective visitors to the Exhibition is offered by the daily broadcast of the International Broadcasting Company from the Radio-Normandie Station. The speaker describes, in an entertaining way, the daily news of the Exhibition, gives advice to visitors and answers questions which may be put to him by post or otherwise.

THE PALACE OF DISCOVERY

One of the most novel—and impressive—exhibits of the Exhibition is located outside of its precincts in the Grand Palais on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III. It is the Palace of Discovery. It offers a unique bird's-eye view of all modern scientific achievements, and shows, perhaps more clearly than any book, the inter-relationship of the various branches of science. Anyone who wants to learn what is going on in the scientific world to-day will find a visit to the Palace of Discovery very helpful. Not only are there copious diagrams and posters clearly explaining the latest discoveries in biology, medicine, chemistry and astronomy, but there is a large staff of assistants who are ready at any time to answer questions. Visitors are permitted to view any number of interesting chemical experiments, and even to make experiments themselves. In the Hall of Physics can be seen a huge electro-static machine whose two hollow spheres, ten feet in diameter, can be charged with three million volts. In the Hall of Astronomy there is a gigantic planetarium. In the Hall of Optics there are huge heliostat-project pictures of the sun, and demonstrations are given on the speed of light, refraction, defraction, etc.

THE BACCHUS RALLY

The Bacchus Rally, under the competent supervision of Princesse Achille Murat, proved to be one of the most amusing fêtes of the Exhibition. Beginning at the Palace of Wine, the participants, in their automobiles, first had to solve a cross-word puzzle to find their route to the next Palace, where they were given another puzzle to solve. Eventually they found their way to the Palace of Belgium, where a ball was offered them by the Baron Vaxelaire, the General Commissioner of the Belgian Government.

THE GALA OF LIGHT

The Gala of Light—the first of several to be given during the season—attracted thousands of spectators to the Exhibition. The Seine suddenly became alive with fountains, some of them shooting to great heights, and all of them brilliantly coloured. Accompanied by music specially composed for the occasion, the colours of the fountains changed rhythmically with magical effect. The Eiffel Tower played its rôle, too, now looking like a tower of red lace, now emitting vast beams of pure white light.

CINEMAS

Ermitage.—One of the largest and most comfortable cinemas on the Avenue des Champs Élysées, the Ermitage, under the new direction of Mr. Sucre, makes a specialty of American and British films. It is now showing Gary Cooper in the exciting Western melodrama, *The Plainsman*.

Apollo.—In the Montmartre district. This Cinema always presents a double bill, featuring Warner Bros. productions. At present it is showing: *The King and the Chorus Girl* and *The Great O'Malley*.

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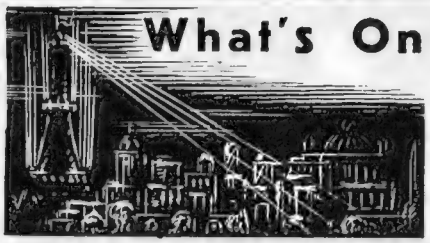

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to Paris During the Exhibition

BALZAC.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in their latest hit, *Shall We Dance?* are attracting crowds of Exhibition visitors every night at this attractive cinema in the Champs-Élysées district.

MARBEUF.—*Waikiki Wedding*, featuring Bing Crosby, with a good supporting programme. An excellently air-conditioned theatre.

PANTHEON.—On the Left Bank—this theatre always has a picturesque audience as well as good American and British films. Now showing: *We're on the Jury.*

PATHÉ CINEMAS.—There are four Pathé Cinemas in Paris: the Marignan, Olympia, Imperial, and Moulin Rouge. The best French films are shown—with English sub-titles.

REVUE

MOULIN ROUGE.—The Cotton Club of Broadway has made its summer headquarters here. This startling news—for the Cotton Club is known for its "hot" swing music wherever people dance—has started a nightly invasion of the renovated Moulin Rouge by Parisians and tourists who appreciate a super-jazz orchestra. The Cotton Club, which is due in London soon, is being presented in Paris by Mr. Edmond Sayag.

RESTAURANT

ONE of the smartest places to dine is the Greyhound Racing Restaurant, in full view of the Race Tracks of the Courbevoie Stadium. Races are held every Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun., and begin at 8 p.m.

SWIMMING POOLS

Paris boasts of several fine swimming pools, but the most popular are:

The MOLITOR.—At the Porte d'Auteuil, in the Bois. There are two pools, indoor and outdoor, facilities for sun bathing, and a convenient restaurant alongside the outdoor pool.

The LIDO.—If you want to go swimming at night, go to the Lido, which is a novel combination of restaurant, night club and pool, located on the Champs Élysées.

COMING EVENTS

Drama and Dancing

JUNE 22ND-26TH.—*Candida* by Bernard Shaw: Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.

JUNE 25TH.—Bal de la Marine: Restaurant du Roi George (in the Exhibition).

JULY 2ND.—"La Nuit de la Danse," a festival of ballet: Le Grand Palais.

JULY 1ST, 3RD, 7TH, 9TH.—Yugoslavian Folklore Festivals: Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.

JULY 8TH, 9TH, 10TH.—*A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Shakespeare's fantasy presented in a sylvan setting with Serge Lifar and his corps de ballet: Bagatelle Gardens, Bois de Boulogne.

Music

JUNE 24TH.—*Orphée*; Monteverdi's opera in Monsieur A. Fauchier-Magnan's private theatre at Neuilly.

JUNE 26TH.—Sacred Concert, given by A. Marchal and the Rougel Choir: Abbey of Royaumont (afternoon).

JUNE 28TH.—Polish Music Festival, when Paderewski will play: Théâtre des Champs-Élysées (afternoon). Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, with Bruno Walter conducting, gives a concert: Théâtre des Champs-Élysées (evening).

JUNE 27TH and JULY 24TH.—Wanda Landowska concerts; the celebrated harpsichordist interprets Mozart (three sonatas) at the first concert, Bach (Preludes and Fugues from the *Well-tempered Clavichord*) at the second: St. Leu-la-Forêt (one hour from Paris by coach from the Porte Maillot or by train from the Gare du Nord), 3 p.m.

JULY 2ND.—Weekly organ recitals (every Friday) at 2.30 commence on this date; Edouard Mignan plays with largely French programmes, on the fine organ of the Eglise de la Madeleine.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 23 — June 29

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Janet Johnson and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE CONSTANT WIFE.—Maugham's matrimonial comment has Ruth Chatterton in the lead, excellently supported by Cyril Raymond, Cecil Parker, Helen Haye and Eileen Peel: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE GREAT ROMANCER.—Robert Morley makes a tour de force as the vital Alexandre Dumas in a biographical play that grips and reveals: New, 8.30. Tues. and Fri., 2.30.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.—Competent and often wise triangle play with Keneth Kent as husband, Hartley Power and Marie Ney as lovers, Dorothy Hyson as young girl: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30 (last three days).

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The best play for an open-air performance gets one, with corps de ballet and incidental music: Regent's Park, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY.—Turgenev's exquisite tragic comedy is well put on with Gillian Scaife and Mark Dignam: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30 (last three days).

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

SATYR.—Pathological plot of an unpleasant nature gives Marius Goring, Flora Robson and A. E. Matthews chances for very strong acting: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—Long-heralded production of Housman's play by Norman Marshall; Pamela Stanley as the Queen, Carl Esmond as Prince Consort: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music ordinary; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GRAND DUCHESS.—Offenbach brought up to date is still tuneful and colourful, with Bruce Carfax, Enid Cruickshank and Richard Goolden: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PAGANINI.—Tauber's singing makes up for his dissimilarity to the original of the name part; Evelyn Laye's for her renunciation rôle in a romantic, lavish musical with strong support: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 93.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE KING'S PIRATE.—Careful historically and lively dramatically, it treats of the Raleigh who survived into James I.'s reign: Wyndham Goldie in the lead; St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER.—Sybil Thorndike as an ex-Suffragette is torn between bovine husband Evelyn Roberts and go-ahead daughter Jessica Tandy; Leon Quartermaine and Margaret Bannerman support: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Night

FLOODLIGHT.—Beverley Nichols' new revue—he wrote it all—promises some good things with Frances Day, John Mills, Hermione Baddeley and Lyle Evans: Saville, to-night, 23rd.

Rose Bampton

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CINEMAS

DER AMMENKÖNIG (German).—A clever piece of satire in brilliant rococo setting with Käthe Gold and Gustav Knuth: Studio One.

BURGTHEATER (Viennese).—Willy Forst's film, set in the famous Vienna theatre, is a drama of youth and age with Wernher Krauss, Willy Eichenberger, Olga Tschekowa and Hortense Raky: Academy (last two days).

THE FROG (British).—The Edgar Wallace stage hit with Gordon Harker as Serg. Elk again and Jack Hawkins, Romney Brent, Carol Goodner: New Gallery.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (American).—Marlene in technicolour with Charles Boyer returns to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE GOOD EARTH (American).—The finest screen epic made, from Pearl Buck's novel, with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in the lead: Empire.

I MET HIM IN PARIS (American).—Claudette Colbert Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young are the stars of this Carlton.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

LOVE IS NEWS (American).—Called a streamlined modern comedy, with Loretta Young and Tyrone Power; heiresses, aeroplanes, foreign counts, etc.: Gaumont.

ONE IN A MILLION (American).—A spectacular film starring Sonja Henie supported by Adolphe Menjou, Don Ameche, Jean Hersholt: Regal.

STORM IN A TEACUP (British).—Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison are the young leads (with Scruffy) in this stage success filmed: Leicester Square.

TURN OFF THE MOON (American).—Charlie Ruggles as an astrologer-minded centrepiece to a romantic plot of no significance at all: Plaza.

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE (American).—Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda in a remarkably thrilling tragedy: London Pavilion.

Premieres

THE COURT WALTZES (French).—Companion to *Congress Dances:* Curzon, Tues., 29th.

WE FROM KRONSTADT (Russian).—A page of Russian history from the Soviet angle about the sailors' part in the 1919 Bolshevik-v.- White Armies' fight: Academy, Fri., 25th.

OPERA

CORONATION SEASON OF INTERNATIONAL OPERA Covent Garden, under Beecham's Artistic Direction; London Philharmonic Orchestra; collaboration of the Paris Grand Opera and Opéra Comique, and de Basil's Ballets Russes; conductors bracketed after name of opera:

PRINCE IGOR (Goossens).—To-night, 23rd, 7.45.

DON JUAN (Goossens).—Thurs., 24th, 8.

ORPHÉE (Reiner).—Fri., 25th, 8.30.

OTELLO (Beecham).—Sat., 26th, 8.

DON JUAN.—Mon., 28th, 8.

AÏDA.—Tues., 29th, 8.

GLYNDEBOURNE.—Five operas alternate in the ideal setting of the Sussex Mozart festival (see dailies for times and train departures).

D'OYLY CARTE.—Gilbert and Sullivan operettas by their most famous exponents: Sadler's Wells, 8. Sat. 2.30.

BALLET

BLUM-FOKINE BALLET.—Representative programme of Ballets, with three new creations by Fokine, the artistic director; orchestra under Leo Hofmekleris: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30 (last three days).

PHILADELPHIA BALLET COMPANY.—Catherine Littlefield is maitresse and choregrapher to a youthful company: Hippodrome.

MUSIC

ROSE BAMPTON.—A recital with the London Symphony Orchestra: Queen's Hall, to-night, 23rd, 8.30.

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.—Two concerts under its conductor Bruno Walter at the Queen's Hall; with Artur Schnabel: Fri., 25th, 8.30. With Elisabeth Schumann (Purcell and Mozart songs and orchestra): Sat., 26th, 3.15.

FLAGSTAD.—Her only recital this season: Albert Hall. Sun., 27th, 3.

SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS AND SPORT

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.—Olympia, 2.15 and 8 (last three days).

TORBAY INTERNATIONAL CORONATION REGATTA.—Torquay, Paignton, Brixham and Dartmouth, all week.

R.A.F. DISPLAY.—Hendon, Sat., 26th.

FIRST TEST MATCH.—England v. New Zealand at Lord's, Sat., 26th.

FIRST JULY MEETING.—Newmarket, Tues., 29th (till Fri., 2nd).

RYDER CUP MATCH.—Opens at Southport, Tues., 29th (and Wed., 30th).

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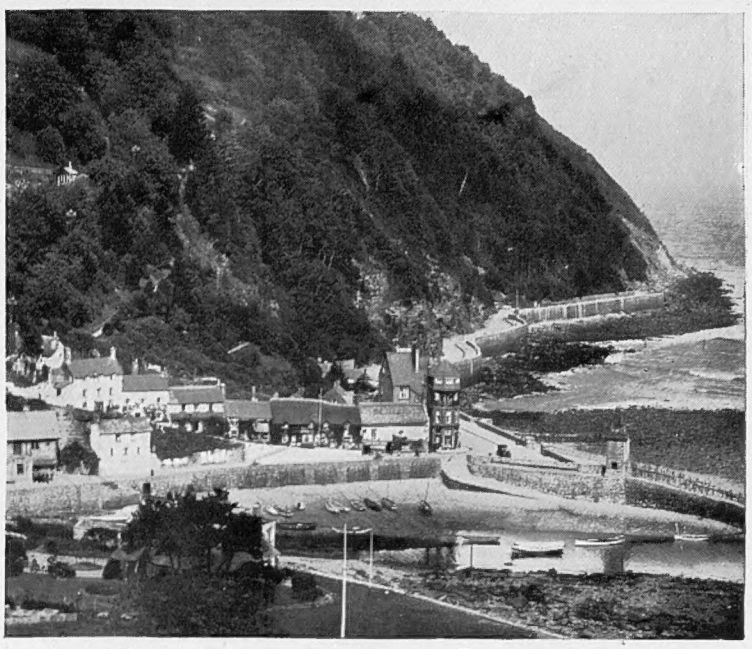

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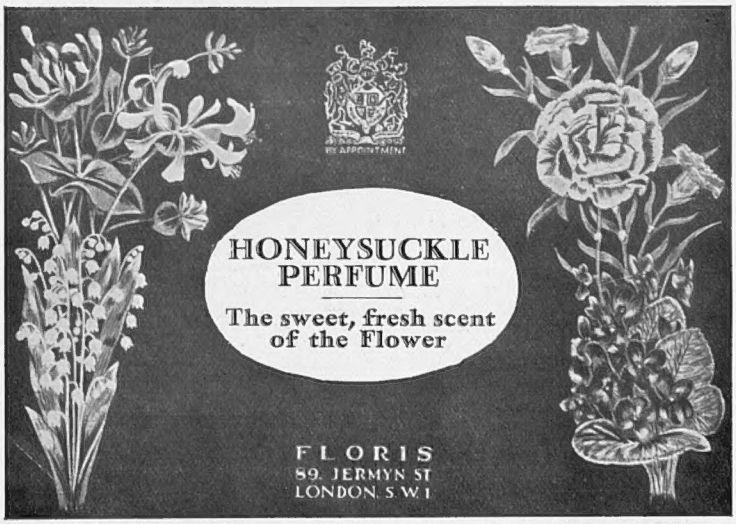

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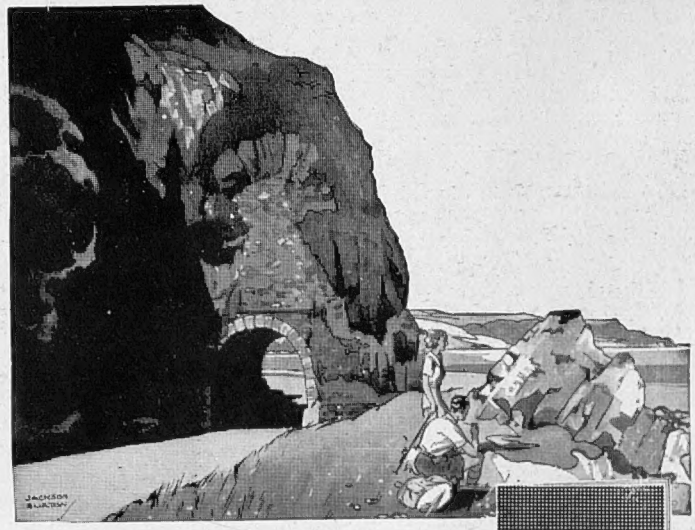

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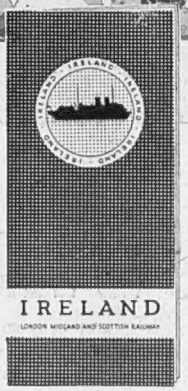

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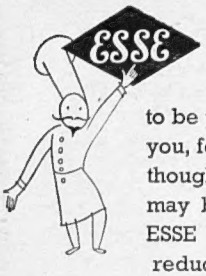

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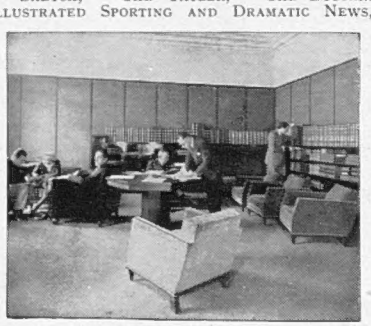

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